Look! In this issue! It's a bird! It's a bomb! It's...

"SUPERMAN"

It's a waste of space! It's...

"BATTLESTAR GALACTICA"

It's a bunch of crooks! It's...

LAWYERS & REPAIRMEN

It's a slice of life! It's...

THE MEN'S RAZOR RACE

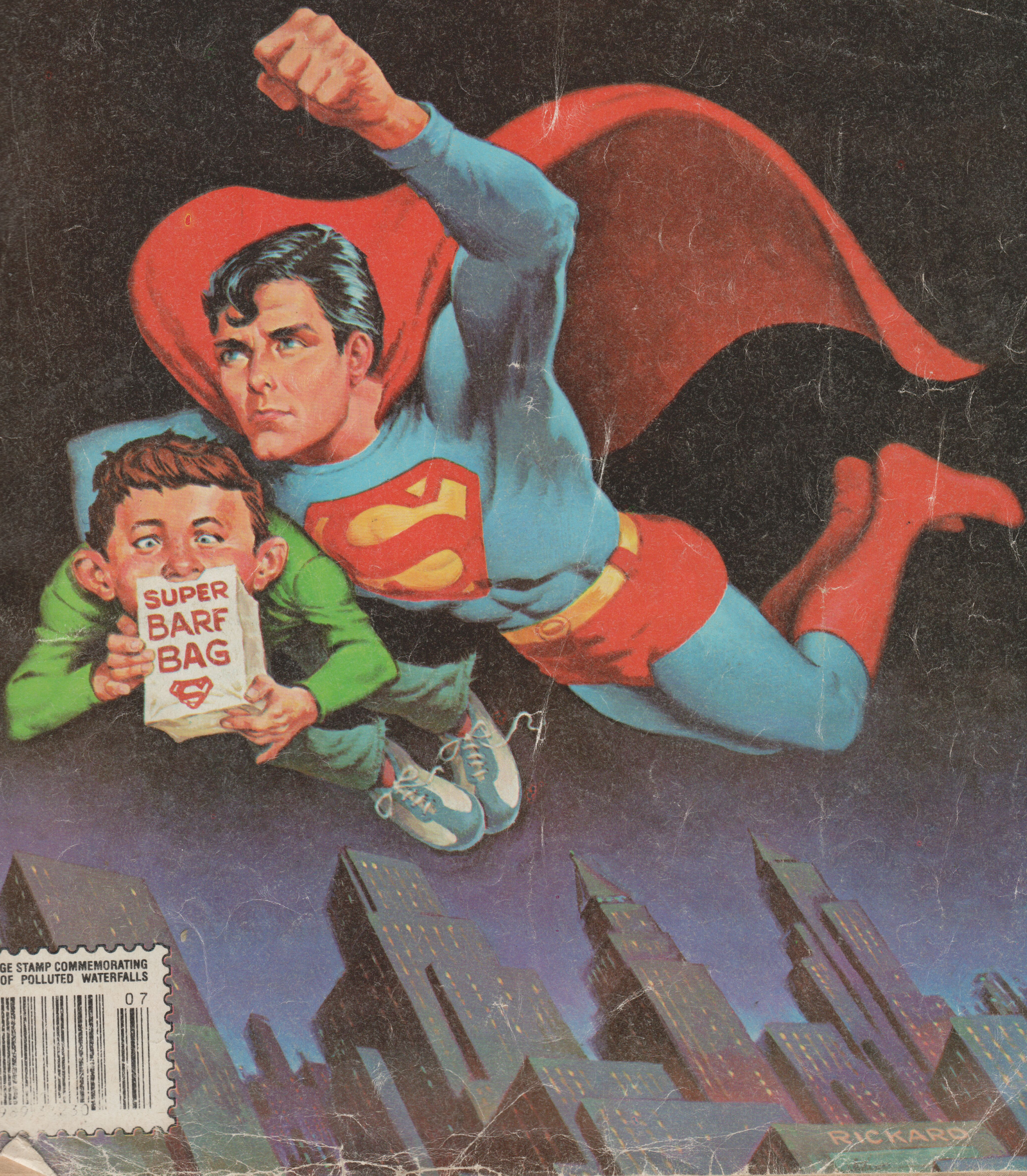
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No. 208 July '79

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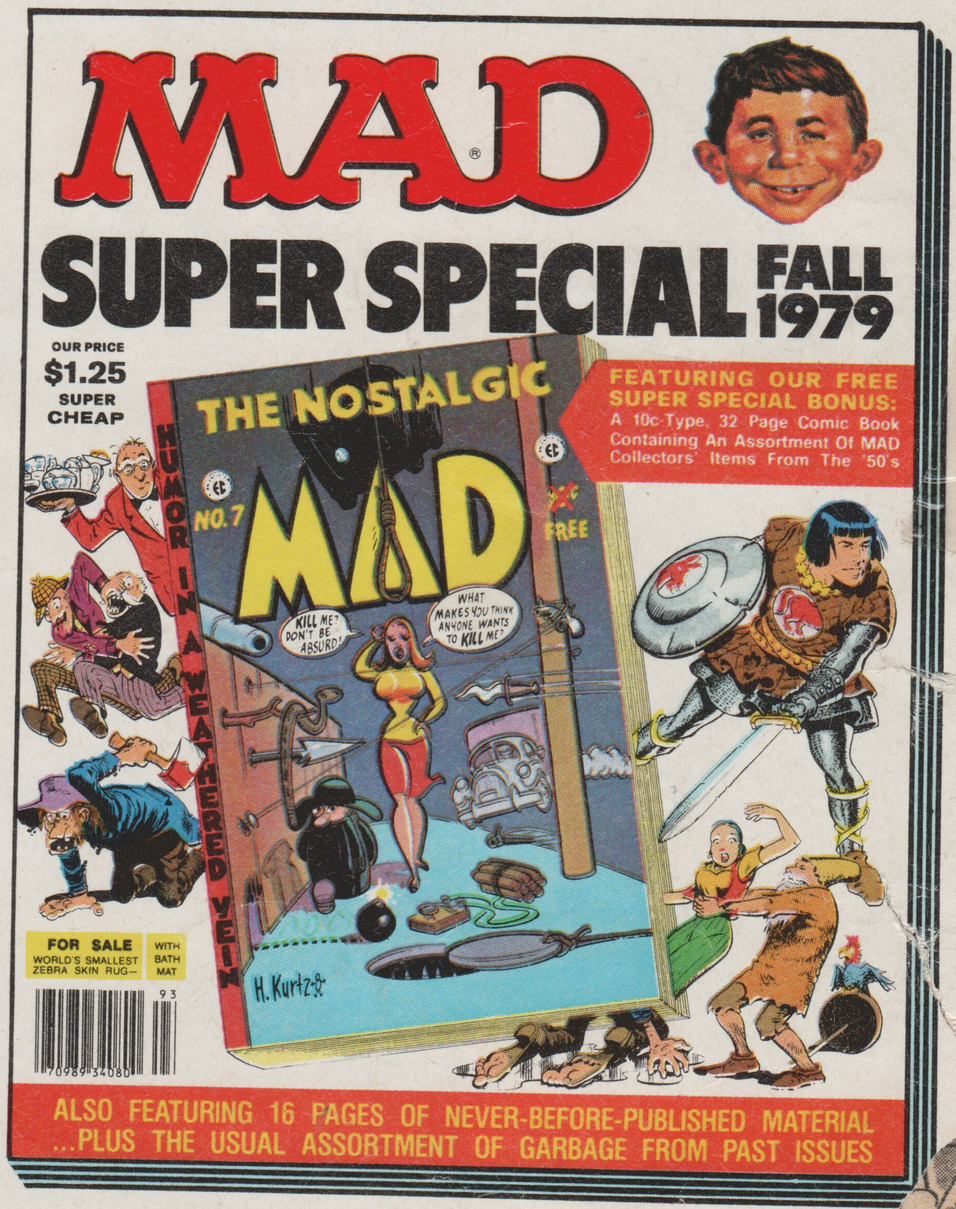
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NUMBER 208 JULY 1979

MAD

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—Alfred E. Neuman

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DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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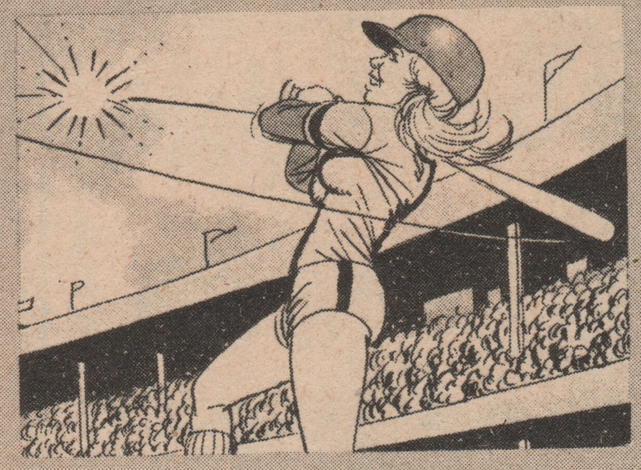
**Various Places Around The Magazine

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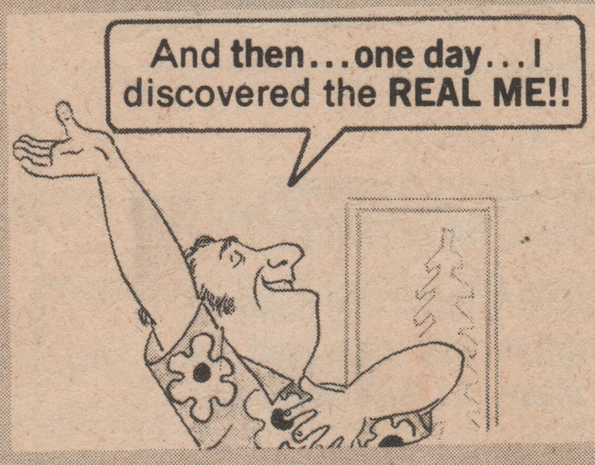




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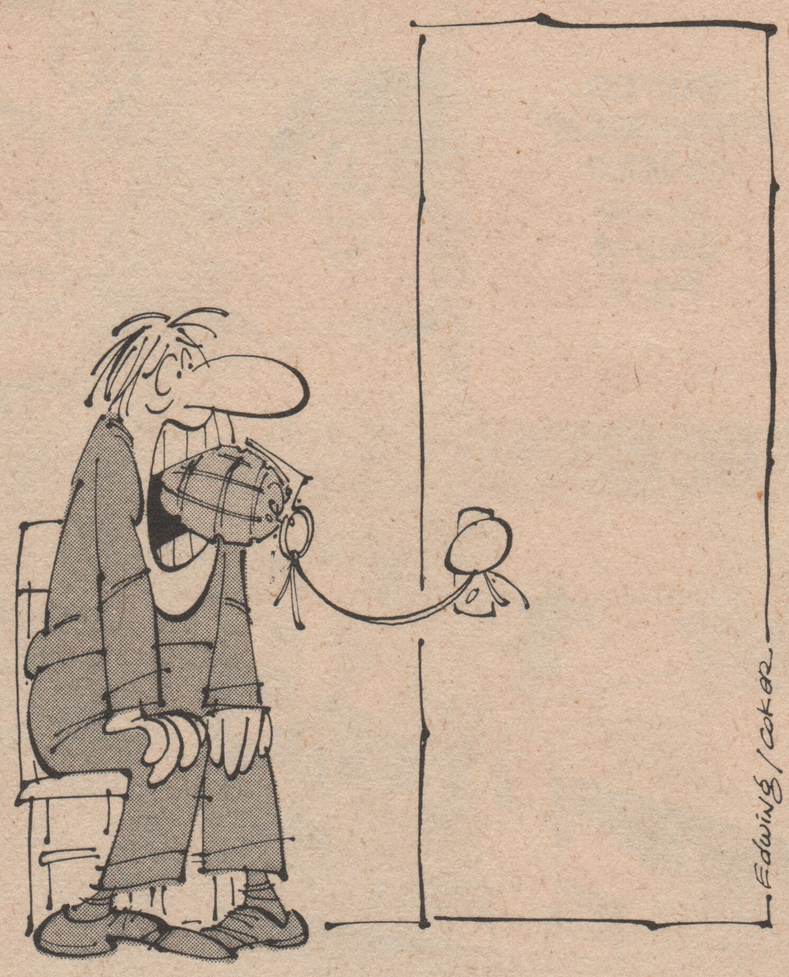
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"CATTLECAR GALAXICA" (A MAD TV Show Satire) Pg. 43

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LETTERS DEPT.



HEAVING CAN WAIT

Maybe "Heaven Can Wait" for Warren Beatty, but Drucker and Hart are definitely on the preferred list!

Scott Mekan
San Francisco, Calif.

I was in seventh heaven, mainly because Stan Hart "changed a little stiffness into an agonizing pain", with a few quick twists!

Hames Ware
Little Rock, Ark.

Beatty, Christie, Grodin and Cannon were never drawn better. They should be on Clod Nine!

Laurie Pevey
Houston, Texas

WHO KILLED THE COUNTRY?

Congratulations to Bob Clarke and Frank Jacobs for "Who Killed The Country?" It strikes at our country's basic problems. Hopefully, its message will be heeded, but, as the first frame suggests, it probably won't.

Brian Rupel
Dayton, Ohio

The Jacobs and Clarke article, "Who Killed The Country?" wins my vote for best article ever to appear in MAD. Here's one they left out:

Who blackened its soul?
"I", said the porno publisher—
"With my non-stop glut
Of fortune making smut,
"I blackened its soul."

Gary F. Phillips
Hamilton, Ohio

Who rifled its purse?
"I", said the Federal Reserve—
"In a daring daylight caper,
"I replaced its gold with paper.
"I rifled its purse."

Leonard Rubin
New York, N.Y.

Who laughed at its troubles?
"I", said MAD Magazine—
"Taunting its ev'ry flaw,
"Further convulsed its craw.
"I laughed at its troubles."

James B. Ewbank
Lawton, Oklahoma

DE BARTOLO BRINGS IN A GUSHER

In your September, 1976, issue, Dick De Bartolo manifested "more MAD ESP". His article was entitled "Behind The Scenes At The Major Oil Companies" and one of his characters predicted that gas would go up to $1.00 a gallon. The 6:00 O'Clock News confirmed that within two years, officials believe that gas *will* go up to a buck a gallon! De Bartolo's an invaluable MAD "pipeline" and forecaster!

David Matthews
Aliquippa, Pa.

THE CARTERBURY TALES

Lou Silverstone and George Woodbridge deserve to be knighted for "The Carterbury Tales". A greatte, greatte jobbe!

William Garvin
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Heere continueth the Booke of the Tales of Carterbury:

The Shah's Tale

The Shah was the kyng of
an oyl-rych landd.
It ys sayd he ruled wyth
an yron handd.
The Carter lovyd oyl,
so he helde the Shah dear.
But the Shah's people gave
hym a kyck yn the rear.

Frederick Rauscher, Jr.
Arlington, Virginia

I readeth wythe interest
The Carterbury Trashe
For once twas not wastyd
my sixty centts cashe
In vain dyd I searche for
The Rosalynn's Tale
Butt ye Cloddes dyd forgette
Numero Uno Damselle.

Jonathan & Helene Blackwell
Cortland, New York

The Rosalynn's Tale



The Fyrst Ladye we niver yntended to slyghte—
Butt lately she's been out of our syghte—
Yn 1980, the votyrs a new chieff may hail—
So Rosalynn's preparying a Whytte House tagge sale. —ed

I can't figure you guys out. How you do a great satire like "The Carterbury Tales" and "Everyday Scenes We'd Like To See" (Yecch!) in the same issue is enough to drive me MAD!

Ed Nichols
New York, N.Y.

A MAD LOOK AT TARZAN . . . TODAY

"A MAD Look At Tarzan . . . Today" tore me from limb to limb!

Ted Kniering
La Canada, Calif.

SECOND OPINIONS IN NON-MEDICAL CASES

If someone tells you MAD has a right to publish its magazine, talk to a teacher with a drawer full of confiscated MADs, for a "Second Opinion".

John Gwin
Toms River, N.J.

When you said that your "Second Opinion" article was funny, *whose* second opinion did you get? Snee's or Coker's?

Paula Boucher
Old Town, Maine

My Mom thinks I'm an idiot for buying MAD. She says I'll be neither wise nor wealthy, reading it. Ask William M. Gaines for a "Second Opinion".

Roger Gutienez
Canoga Park, Calif.

If the Board of Health says they check up and make sure that unsanitary conditions of businesses don't affect the public, talk to any MAD reader for a "Second Opinion"!

Erik Rothenberg
Santa Monica, Calif.

MAD "SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF" STRIPS

I fell for Henry Clark's "MAD 'Scratch 'N' Sniff' Strips", right in the store! I sniffed it while ten people were watching me.

Paul Williams
Skaneateles, N.Y.

I thought that was the dirtiest trick you could play on us. I scratched through two pages without getting any results!

Karl Ramonas
Waterbury, Conn.

You left out the clean, scrubbed smell of a gas station's rest-room.

Anthony Hall
Fairfield, Calif.

Your "Scratch 'N' Sniff Strips" really stunk!

Brad Calvert
San Diego, Calif.

THE EYES OF LURID MESS

Your satire on "The Eyes Of Laura Mars" should have been Dunaway with, I'd say!

Jim La Ruffa
Margate, Fla.

SMELLER DRAMA

You've done it again, MAD! On a recent edition of "60 Minutes", there was a report on aerosol can products for businessmen; for instance, if a restaurant owner wants to push, say, lobster on a given evening, he simply gets his can of "lobster spray" and gives the room a spritz or two to subtly influence his diners' decisions. Another was for used car dealers to spray in their beat-up old hulks to make them smell new, which, in an article entitled "Spray Cans We'd Like To See" (#134, April, 1970), you correctly predicted and called, "New Car Kick"!

Anne Butman
Danvers, Mass.

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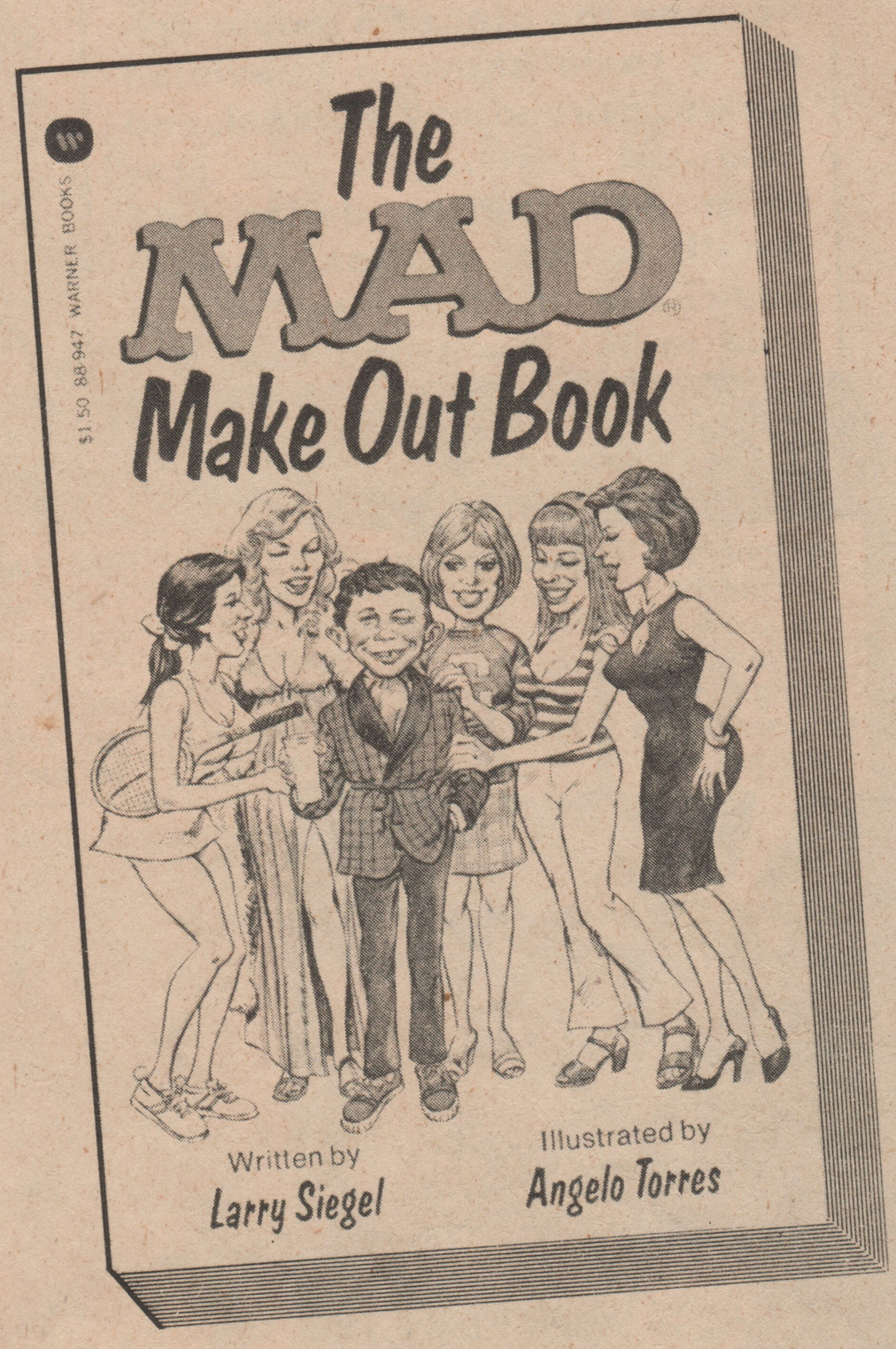
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SUPER

SUPER MARKETING DEPT.

He started out in the Thirties as a comic book hero. Then, he became the star of a movie serial, a radio show, a television series, a Broadway musical, and now...at last...he's the star of a multi-million dollar full-length feature motion picture! Look...up in the sky! It's a gold mine! It's a bonanza! It's

Prisoners of the planet, Krapton—do you have anything to **say** before we **pass sentence...?**

You don't frighten **us!** We're going to **beat** this rap!

You are each hereby sentenced to **453 years** at **hard labor!**

Hear **that?!** I **told** you we'd beat the rap! I thought we'd get **"Life" for sure!!**

Fellow Council members, **stop what you're doing!** I have something of **vital importance** to say!

Attention! **Jaw-Wel,** the **sage** of **Krapton,** is about to speak...!

What does the **huge "S"** on his shirt stand for?

It stands for **many** things... **"Smartness," "Sobriety," "Sanity"...**

Our **planet** is **doomed!** We will all be **destroyed** in **24 hours!**

...and also **"SCHMUCK"!**

Come on!! **Buzz off** with your Doomsday talk, Jaw-Wel!

No...! We **must listen** to what he **says!**

Not ME!! What could his words be **worth?!**

Let's see... he's getting **$3 million** for **15 minutes work** on this film! I would say about **$20,000 a word!**

I'll **listen! I'LL LISTEN!**

This planet **mustn't die!** Ours is the most **advanced** civilization in the **Galaxy!**

You call **THAT** the **products** of an **advanced civilization?!**

You mean **somebody ELSE** has invented the **hula hoop?**

Not only **that,** but you know those **"Davy Crockett" hats** we're working on...

DUPERMAN



Our planet will be destroyed **any minute** now, Lurer! So we **must save our Son!** I'm wrapping him in **crystal,** and sending him off to **Earth!** He must **land safely** and, above all, he must **not attract attention!**

You're sending him there in a **CHANDELIER,** and you **don't** want him to **attract attention?!?**

I'm **aiming** him for the **ceiling** of the **Radio City Music Hall!** It's a million-to-one shot . . . but it **just might work!**

FIRST AID KIT

Farewell, my Son! May the gods be with you! **Use** your incredible strength and wisdom for the **good** of **all humanity,** and **keep warm** in your **crystal baby bunting,** your **crystal booties** and your **crystal Pampers!!**

Lurer, he's going to have an **adventure** you **won't believe!**

He's going to have a **DIAPER RASH** you won't believe!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

As soon as I fix this **flat,** Maw, we'll take off for town and . . . **Well, I'LL BE!!**

Look . . . up in the **sky! It's a bird!**

It's a **plane!**

It's a . . . **CHANDELIER?!?**

Seems to be a **SLOGAN** in there somewhere, Paw . . . but I think the **PUNCH-LINE** still needs **work!!**

Ford

GLENN

Look, Paw!! The thing has **landed,** and a **tiny creature** is getting out! You can **see** he's **not one of us,** and he's got a **strange look** in his eyes! Like he's **ready** to **take over the WHOLE WORLD!**

My God! It's a **midget ARAB!**

No, you dummy! It's only a **little baby!!**

Aw, Paw! Ain't he the **cutest little thing?!?**

He **sure is!** Gi'me a minute to **finish fixing this flat,** and we'll be on our—

Good Lord!! The **JACK is slipping! Maw!! Help me!** I'm gonna be **crushed to death!!**

Paw, **look** what he's **doing!** Can we **adopt** him?!?

We **sure can!** Now **why** don't we **go into town,** and **by him some formula** and a **Teddy Bear**— then **sell our horse and ox** and find us the **teeniest, tiniest plow harness they make?!**

Paw Kennt! You're **all heart!**

What will we **call** our new Son, Paw?

I figured we'd name him after someone who's **very near** and **dear** to us!

You mean our **prize CHICKEN?**

Who else?! The name shore has a **nice ring** to it, **don't** it? **CLUCK KENNT!!**

'Bye Mom and Dad! **Sorry** I had to **eat** and **fly**... but I'm **late** for **school!**

Cluck has shore grown into a **fine young man,** huh Paw! You think his classmates find it **strange** ... the way he goes to school ...?

You kidding? You see what kids are **smoking** nowadays? They **all** go that way! I hear the Senior Class had **twelve mid-air collisions** last week alone!

How far did I **kick** the ball, Dad?

Nine and a half miles, Son! But that was **WITH the WIND!** Keep **working** on it! You'll do a **lot better!**

BAM!

Look, Dad! I'm **outracing** a **speeding locomotive!**

Big deal! This is the **Long Island Railroad!** Some folks **WALK faster** than it! But you're **getting** there, Son, and I'm **real proud** of you!

LONG IS
RAILRO

Oh, Spirit of my dead Father! **Why** have you called me away from my adopted parents?!?

To **tell** you, my Son, that you have **come of age** now ... and the time has come to **make use** of your great gifts for the **benefit** of **Mankind!**

I understand, Father! **How** shall I **do** that?

The **secret** is in the **crystals** that came **with you** from the **planet Krapton! Remember,** my Son! **All knowledge ... all strength ... all power** is in **crystal!**

FORGET crystal, my boy! Go into **PLASTIC! That's** where the **money** is!

Who was **that,** Father!?

Your **Uncle Manny!** Don't pay any **attention** to him!

And **now**... into my **costume** ...and off to **Metropolitan City!** Up... **up**... and **away!**

Hello! You must be **Berry Blight,** the **Editor** here at the **"Daily Planetoid"!** I'm mild-mannered **Cluck Kennt,** your **new Reporter!**

Holy Cow...! These **office elevators** are **fast!** As soon as I **stepped into** yours, I was **up here** in a **flash!**

Kennt... we're on the **GROUND FLOOR** here! You stepped into a **broom closet!!**

No wonder that lady with the funny hair wouldn't talk to me! She must've been a **MOP!**

Cluck... this is **Lotus Lain,** one of my **Ace Reporters!**

Listen, Lotus... he's a **nice kid,** but he's a **square!** He's **also** rather **insecure!** I think he can use a lot of **ego-building!**

Trust me, Chief!

Take me to **lunch,** Four-Eyes!

Hey... that's **really puffing up the old ego!!**

Sure nice of you to have **lunch** with me, Miss Lain!

Okay, Lady... hand over your **purse** and **nobody gets hurt!**

Cluck... he's got a **GUN!**

Stand aside, Miss Lain! I know **exactly** how to **handle** creeps like this!

Here's the **purse** you wanted, Creep!

Hey, **I** could have done **THAT,** you silly pantywaisted twerp! **Good-bye!!**

But you **heard** what he **said!** If we give him the **purse,** nobody gets **hurt!** **I** didn't want to get hurt, did **you?** **Pain** is so **icky-poo!**

What the?!? I've heard of **bullet-proof VESTS**... but a **bullet-proof CHEST?!** Le'me **out** of here!!

BLAM! BLAM!

What's going on?!? Give me the **whole story!**

It's **Lotus Lain!** She was with some silly, panty-waisted twerp, and—

AFTER that! **AFTER** that!

She was getting into a **Helicopter** and it **blew up** and skidded off the edge of the **roof!** She **fell out** and she's just **hanging** there! **See...?**

Looks like it's **finally** time to **go into action!** I **must** find a place to **change** into my **costume!**

Pardon me, Sir... but are you **almost finished** with your **call...?**

Scram, Buddy!! **This** ain't no **telephone booth!!**

Heh-heh! **Sorry!**

I'm so **nervous,** I don't know what I'm **doing!** I better **change on the way...!**

Look ... up in the **sky!** It's a **bird!**

It's a **plane!**

Nahh! It's just some **weirdo** in a **cape** who's probably late for a **party** on **Fire Island!**

Help! HELP! I'm FALLING!!!

You—you **saved my life!!** Who **are** you? Where do you **come** from?

From a **strange land,** Ma'am! A place whose **people** and **customs** are **totally alien** to civilization as we know it today!

Oh! **The BRONX,** huh? Listen, if you're **not doing anything** tomorrow night, why don't you drop by **my** place?

It's a **DATE,** Ma'am!!

Hello! I hope I'm not **late,** Lotus!

No, you're **right on time!** I— I **STILL** can't get **over** it!! **Who** would ever believe that a man could **FLY** like you do?!?

The **same** people who'd believe that a **$185-a-week Reporter** could live in a **TAJ MAHAL APARTMENT** like this!

PENTHOUSE APARTMENTS

Y'know, if you were wearing **glasses,** you'd look **exactly** like someone **I know,** but I **can't** quite think **who...!**

Lotus, I **realize** that **some** people **DO** look alike, but... *heh-heh* ... **believe me,** there is **nobody** you know with glasses who looks like **me! NOBODY...!**

I **got** it!! **Henry Kissinger!**

Except **him!!**

You're **fantastic!** From now on, I'm going to call you **"Superduperman"!**

Great! And I'm going to call you **"Old Eagle Eye"!**

What a night! When did a **mere mortal** ever **soar through the clouds,** holding on to a **god** before?!

Probably the **last** time somebody flew **20,000 feet in the air without an OXYGEN MASK!!**





It's been a **very exciting evening,** Lotus, hasn't it? But before I leave, there's **something** I've been **wanting** to do **all night,** and I **just can't wait** any longer, so—

Lotus . . . I want to **shake your hand** and **sincerely thank you** from the **bottom of my heart** for being such a **swell date!**

What a **SUPER GOD . . . !**

What a **SUPER DUD!!**

Cluck . . . I just got a tip that **Lox Looter,** the **arch-criminal,** is about to pull off a caper that will **destroy the entire West Coast!**

Didn't you just send **Lotus** to the Coast on a **special assignment?**

Yes, and if anything **happens** to that wonderful girl because of **me,** I'll **throw myself out the window,** and . . .

Mr. Blight, we"re on the **Ground Floor!**

. . . I'll **sprain my ankle so badly,** you **won't believe it!**

Listen to me, **Onus,** my **stupid henchman,** and **Evil,** my **sexy girlfriend!** I, Lox Looter, am about to pull off the most **fiendish act** in the **history** of **crime** . . . *heh-heh . . . chortle!!*

Tell me, Boss, **why** are you always **wreaking vengeance** on the world??

It all began **13 years ago** when I was **turned down** for one of the **arch-villains** on the **"Batman" TV Series—** for being **too boring!** But, **I'll** show 'em!! **I'LL** show 'em, **NOW! NOBODY CAN STOP ME!**

"Nobody" is a **mighty big word,** Lox!

It's **Superduperman!** But you're **too late,** my friend! In a **few minutes,** a **500-megaton bomb** will **zoom across the country, strike** the **San Andreas fault,** cause a **mighty earthquake,** and send **California** into the **sea!!**

Lox, I plan to **stop** you . . . and have you **thrown into jail!**

On **WHAT CHARGE?!?**

Well . . . for **starters,** there's always **"Pre-Meditated Mischief"!**

Don't fight me, Lox! You **know** there's nothing on this planet that's a match for my super-duper strength!

Oh? How about something from **ANOTHER planet,** like this piece of **Kraptonite,** f'rinstance . . .

No! **No! Anything** but **that!**

Starting to get **all mushy inside?** Starting to get **weak** in the **knees?** This **Kraptonite** is **taking its toll,** right, "Stupidman"?!

Right! And the **broad** in the **Bikini** isn't exactly **HELPING THINGS!!**

SPRING ST.

Hang in there, Superduperman! I'll **save** you! **Hang in there!**

Evil, why are you **doing** this? You're **LOX's girl!** He's been **sleeping** with you for **years!!**

I **know!** And **just ONCE,** I'd like to find me a guy who'll **STAY AWAKE!**

Thanks for saving my **life**, Evil! Now I must save **Lotus** and the **entire West Coast! Hey**... you **just kissed** me!

Good luck, "Inferior-Man"!

Wait a minute! How come you called me **"Inferiorman"?!**

I **just kissed** you!

There's the **missile,** just ahead of me... and it's headed right for the **San Andreas fault!!** I must **STOP IT**... before it's...

AURORA
MODEL KIT
103427

...TOO LATE!!

BOOM!

Good Lord! The **West Coast** is doomed by a **gigantic earthquake** that will cause a **gigantic holocaust!** Even **Superduperman** can't stop it **now!!**

Wait! There **IS** a way he can stop it!

You mean??

Of course...

With a **gigantic ZIPPER!!!**

Now to straighten out the **Golden Gate Bridge!**

And then, I'd better check things out in **Nevada**...

BANG!!

There . . . I **guess** I patched up **Hoover Dam** pretty well!

But it **looks** like the quake hit **Las Vegas** pretty hard!!

I **must** find **Lotus** . . .

CEAS PAL

Lotus! LOTUS! Speak to me!! Oh, God . . . she's **DEAD! DEAD . . . !**

What can I **do?** I **don't** want to **lose** her!!

I know!! I'll TURN BACK THE CLOCK!!

No, my Son! You are **forbidden** to **interfere** with **human history**! You **cannot** use your powers to **toy** with **time!** You must **let** events **run their natural course!** Lotus is **DEAD!** you **CANNOT** bring her **back to life!!**

DO IT, Superduperman!! **Turn back the clock!** Use your **powers!** Bring Lotus **back to life, NOW!** It's **important** to **you!** To **all** of us!! **DO IT! DO IT!!**

Hey, LOOK! The **SUN is setting!**

What's strange about **that . . . ?**

Early in the **MORNING?** In the **EAST?!**

Hey! We're flying to **EUROPE!**

But **that's** where we **CAME from!!**

We're **going back! TAIL FIRST!**

I—Im **ALIVE!** I—I was **DEAD,** and **now I'm ALIVE!** How did you **do** it?

It was **simple,** Lotus! I merely **spun the Earth backwards . . .**

You **turned back the clock?!** But didn't you hear your **Father's voice,** warning you that you **shouldn't?!?**

Yes . . . but **then** I heard a chorus of **other** voices! They **convinced** me to do it!!

Who **were** they?

The **Executives** at **Warner Brothers!** They **reminded** me that **without Lotus Lain,** there's **no "SUPERDUPERMAN II"!**

COMING NEXT YEAR SUPERDUPERMAN II

A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE POEM DEPT.

In their battle for Equal Rights, women have fought to even the score in almost every field where they think they have gotten the short end of the stick. But there's one big area of prejudice they seem to have overlooked: Classical Poetry. As every student who has ever suffered through an English Lit course already knows, most famous poets of bygone days were make chauvinists who wrote about the dramatic deeds of other male chauvinists. The only women who gained mention were

RE-WRITING CLA
TO GIVE WOM

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

CATHY AT THE BAT

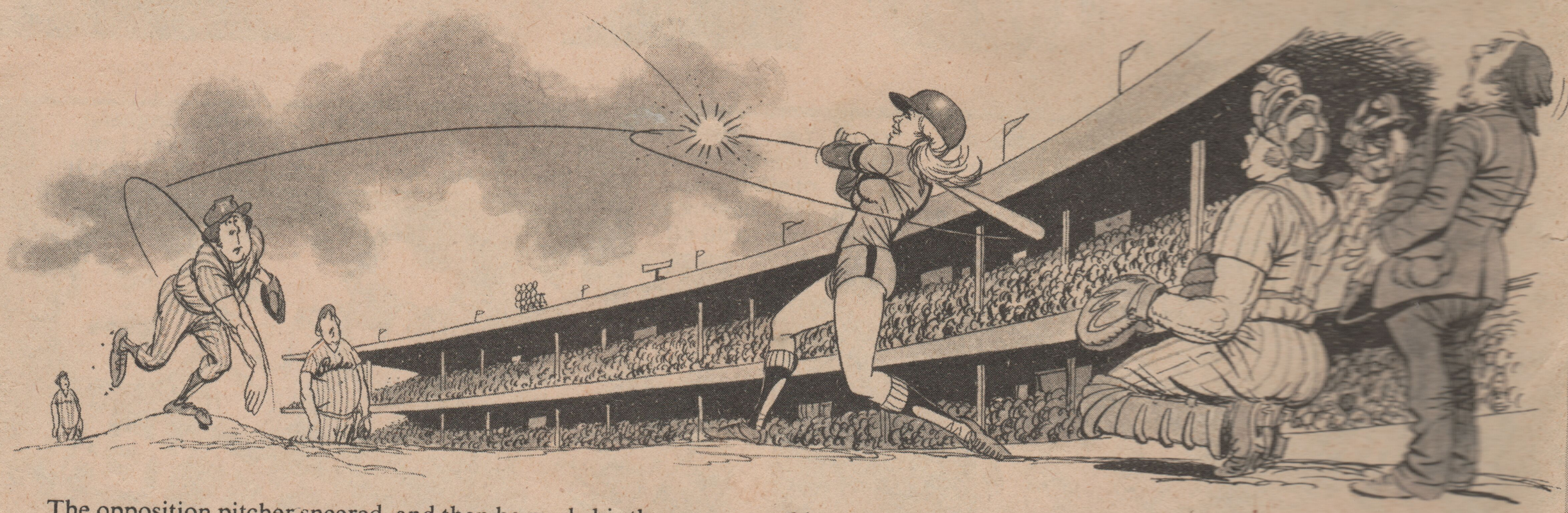


The Mudville fans were shocked to hear the judgment of the courts,
Which ruled that girls must be allowed to play in high school sports.
None feared that girls would louse up golf, or track, or things like that,
But letting girls play baseball might bring Cathy to the bat.

So tension grew as Mudville's nine approached that fateful day
When all the chips were on the line with one game left to play.
And as the home team fell behind, the fans in silence sat,
All fearing doom if, in the clutch, young Cathy came to bat.

Then in the ninth, O'Riley walked, and Flynn he did the same,
Which meant the next to stroke the ball could win or lose the game.
Then cries of anguish struck the hills, and echoed through the flat,
For Cathy, shapely Cathy, was advancing to the bat.

There was grace in Cathy's bearing as she swung her girlish hips,
And fetching charm was in her smile that shone through girlish lips.
"She's quite a dish," one fan remarked. "I'd love to date that dame.
But up at bat, I feel quite sure she's bound to blow the game."



The opposition pitcher sneered, and then he made his throw,
And then the air was shattered by the force of Cathy's blow.
In unison, the crowd arose to watch the batted ball
As up it soared and cleared with ease the farthest outfield wall.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land, male chauvinism reigns.
And macho guys expose their chests to show off macho chains.
But nevermore in Mudville will such childish things be done.
For Mudville's where a girl stepped up and slammed the winning run.

the fragile flowers whose feminine helplessness was admired in odes and sonnets. This sexist approach has no place in today's world, where we realize that men and women possess the same qualities, both good and bad. And so, MAD now attempts to help women win their fair share of space in future poetry books by countering the classics penned by male chauvinist pigs of yesteryear with this collection of verse turned out by one of our own male chauvinist pigs who fails dismally at



ASSICAL POETRY EN EQUAL TIME

WRITER: TOM KOCH

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, COME HOME WITH ME NOW

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game's running too late.
Poor Dad's home alone with the children to feed.
He's sitting there cursing his fate.
His Swanson's beef dinner caught fire on the stove;
He'd left it, somehow, in the box.
The cat has thrown up, and your sweet youngest child
Has walked through the barf in his socks.
Come home! Come home! Come home!
Please, mother, dear mother, come home.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game's gone past dark.
In struggling to win, you've now blown forty bucks.
And yet you call bingo a lark!
You promised that money was going for shoes
To warm up our frozen feet.
Instead, you have gambled our savings away
At odds you should know you can't beat.
So quit! So quit! So quit!
Please, mother, dear mother, just quit.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game may last all night.
Poor Dad's had no dinner but pretzels and gin;
He's really a sorrowful sight.
And Kitty, I fear, didn't simply throw up;
He died, and he's all stiffened now.
How tragic it was that you couldn't be there
To hear his last feeble meow.
Give up! Give up! Give up!
Please, mother, dear mother, give up.

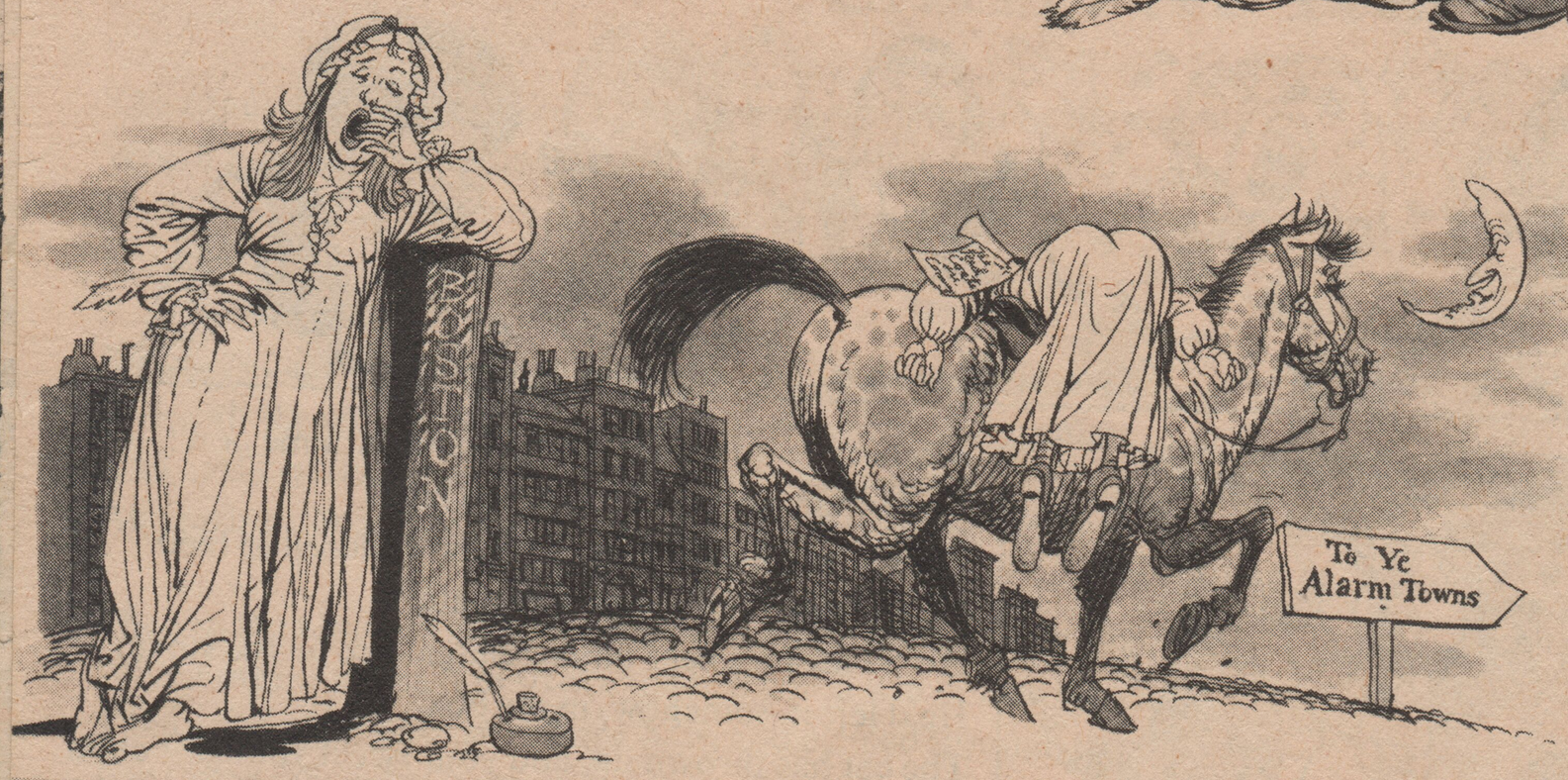
MAUDE REVERE'S FRIGHT

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight fright of Maude Revere.
She'd been assigned to awake her spouse
In case the British drew near their house;
But waking Paul was a chore to fear.

Then, one dark night on the couple's farm,
Maude heard the bells ring a faint alarm.
She yelled at Paul, "Get your horse and ride!
There's British stalking the countryside."
Paul muttered, "I'm sure they mean no harm."

Maude shrieked again: "It's two if by sea,
And you on the opposite shore must be."
But Paul just gave a slumbering sigh,
And pulled the patch quilt blanket high.
"I'll get up after while," said he.



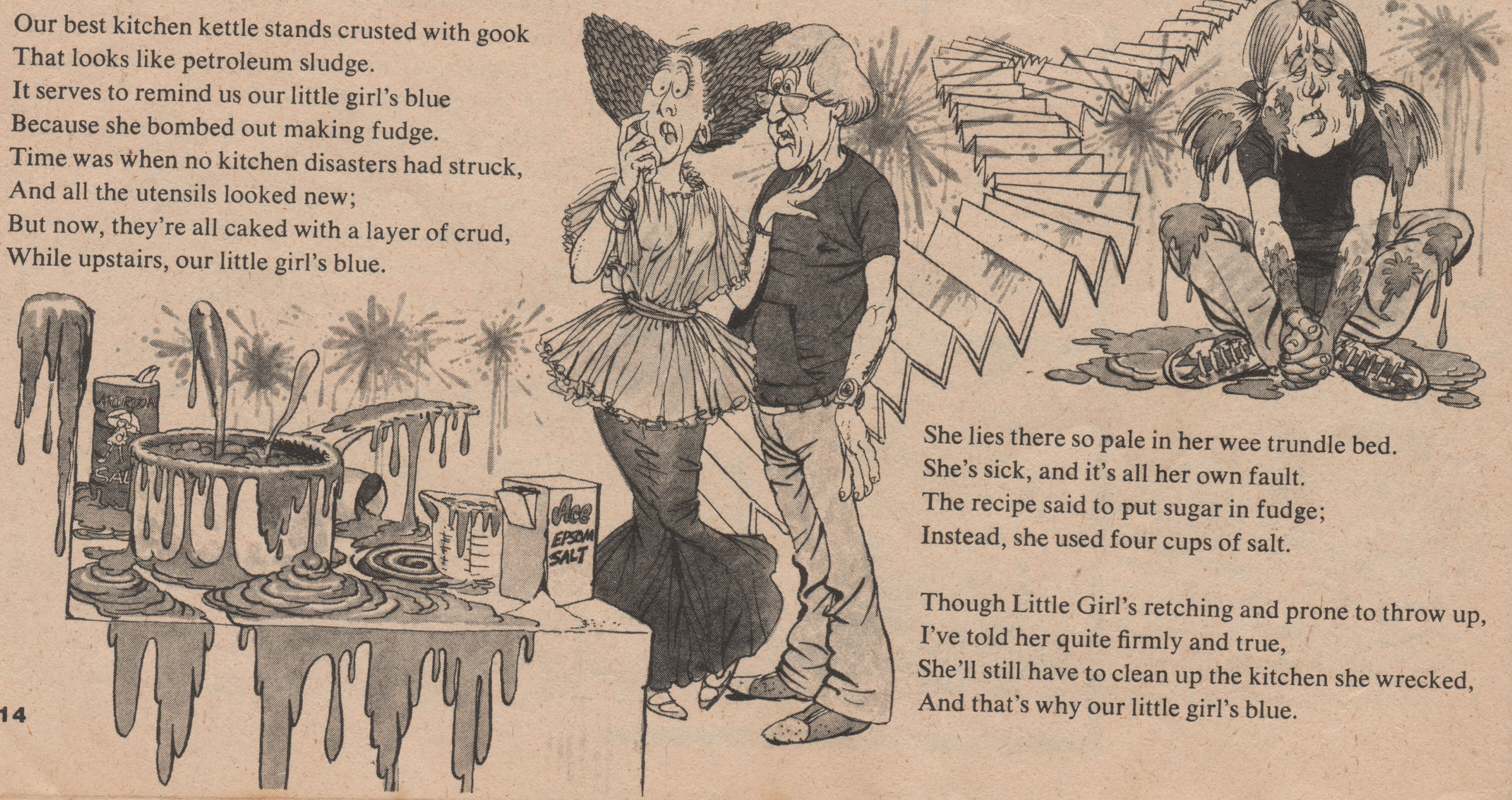


In fear, Maude followed a daring course:
She slung Paul's body across his horse,
Then pinned a note to his nightshirt blouse
And sent him, snoring, to warn each house
That British troops were around in force.

Each schoolboy's read of that night of fear
When danger lurked with the British near.
You've heard of pledges Paul rode to keep,
But now you know he was sound asleep.
That night's true hero was Maude Revere.

LITTLE GIRL'S BLUE

Our best kitchen kettle stands crusted with gook
That looks like petroleum sludge.
It serves to remind us our little girl's blue
Because she bombed out making fudge.
Time was when no kitchen disasters had struck,
And all the utensils looked new;
But now, they're all caked with a layer of crud,
While upstairs, our little girl's blue.



She lies there so pale in her wee trundle bed.
She's sick, and it's all her own fault.
The recipe said to put sugar in fudge;
Instead, she used four cups of salt.

Though Little Girl's retching and prone to throw up,
I've told her quite firmly and true,
She'll still have to clean up the kitchen she wrecked,
And that's why our little girl's blue.

THE SHOOTING OF ANN MC GREW

A bunch of the girls were whooping it up in the Discotheque Saloon,
While out on the floor, the go-go boys all danced to a funky tune.
Sipping her booze at the Singles Bar was Dangerous Ann McGrew.
She'd come to stare at the men down there, especially one named Lou.

Then out of the night and up to the bar, a female stranger came;
And though she'd never been there before, she knew the rules of the game.
"It's drinks on me!" she yelled, and winked at the gentleman known as Lou,
While down the bar came a look of rage from Dangerous Ann McGrew.

The stranger walked to the dance floor then, and silence engulfed the place,
For though she had feet like large pontoons, she moved with a ghostly grace.
The only one who didn't applaud was Dangerous Ann McGrew,
Who sat and stared with lustful eye at the gentleman known as Lou.

The barkeep spotted the danger sign, and spoke to the stranger low:
"The dude you fancy is spoken for. I'd strongly suggest you blow."
The stranger pulled out a gun and cried, "I'm claiming that man named Lou!"
Then six shots echoed along the bar, not one hitting Ann McGrew.

This story proves that women can drink, and stake their claim on a guy.
It proves that women can boldly seek the sins that money can buy.
It proves that women can brawl and cuss and spin out a manly yarn.
It also proves that armed with a gun, they can't shoot it worth a darn.



ZELDA DIN

Years ago, I served the Crown
In a humid Injun town,
Yet the comforts there were more than might have been.
Tho' we sweated while we drank,
Still we very seldom stank,
'Cause we had a laundry girl named Zelda Din.

She was Gunga Din's twin sister;
And I'll tell you one thing, Mister;
That poor heathen girl got no rest or repose.
Daily, each man soiled his shirt
While his socks got stiff with dirt.
For a thousand troops, that's quite a pile of clothes.





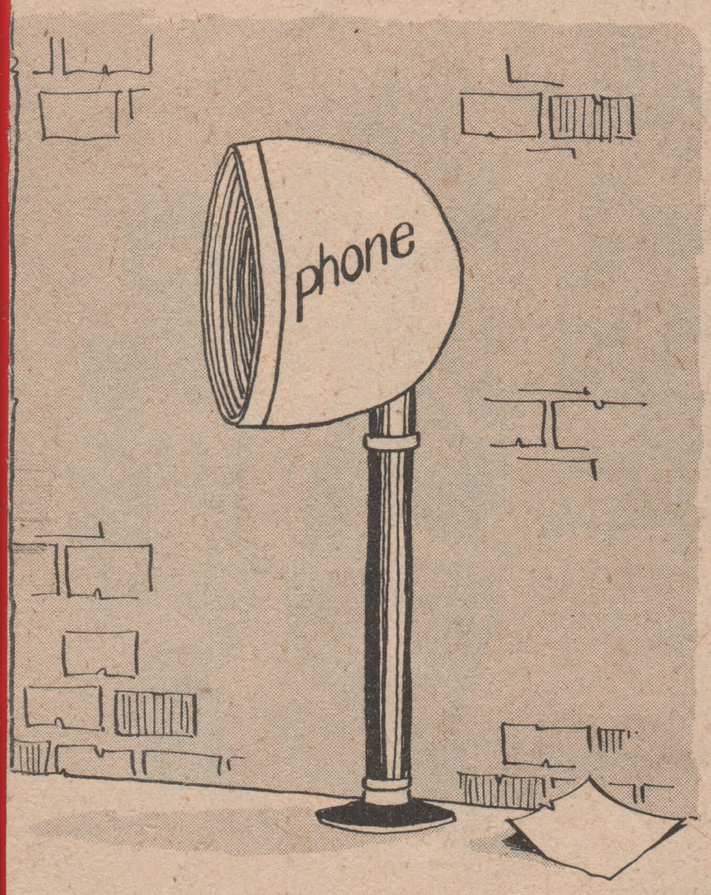
Fast as Gunga brought in water,
Zelda used the soap we'd brought her
To keep up with all our regiment's demands.
With no Fab to make clothes brighter,
And no bleach to make them whiter,
She just scrubbed 'til she got rough, unsightly hands.

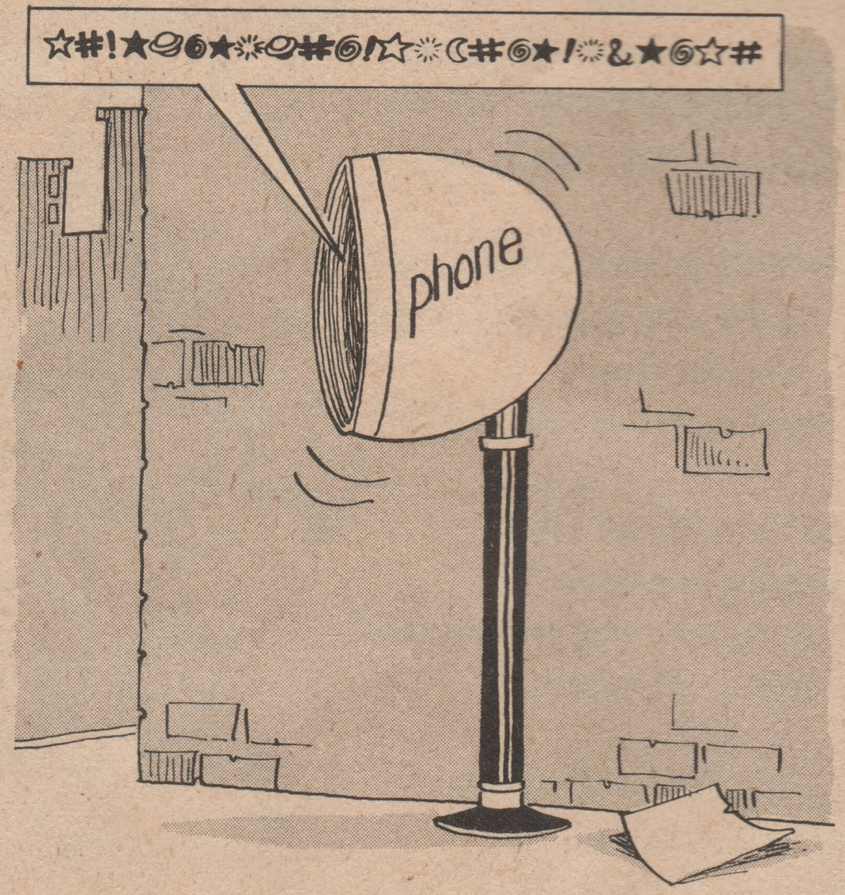
We all treated her like scum,
But when V.I.P.s would come,
She made sure each prize for dress parades we'd win.
So for sudsing out our smell,
I feel honor-bound to yell,
"You're a better drudge than I am, Zelda Din!"

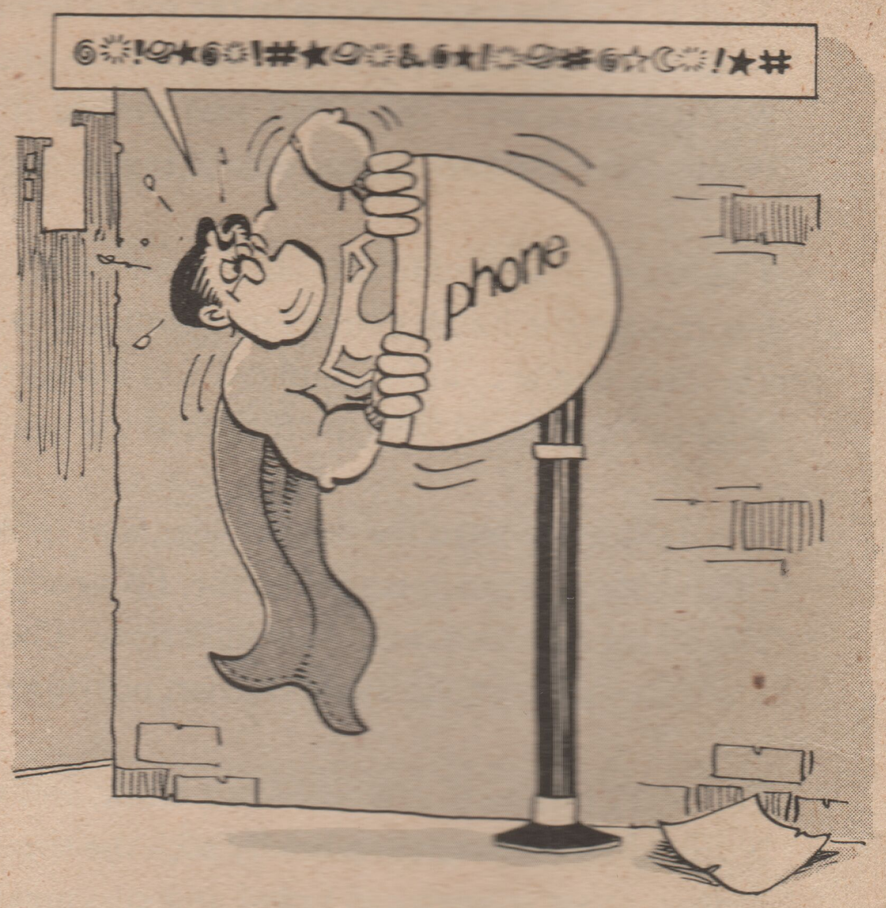


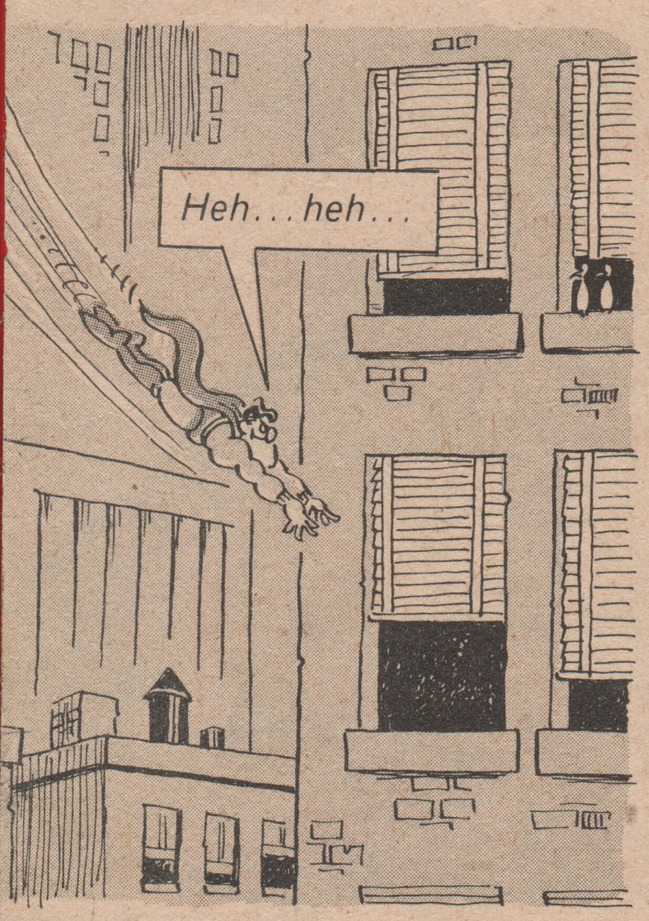
SHNOOK . . . UP IN THE SKY! DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT SUP

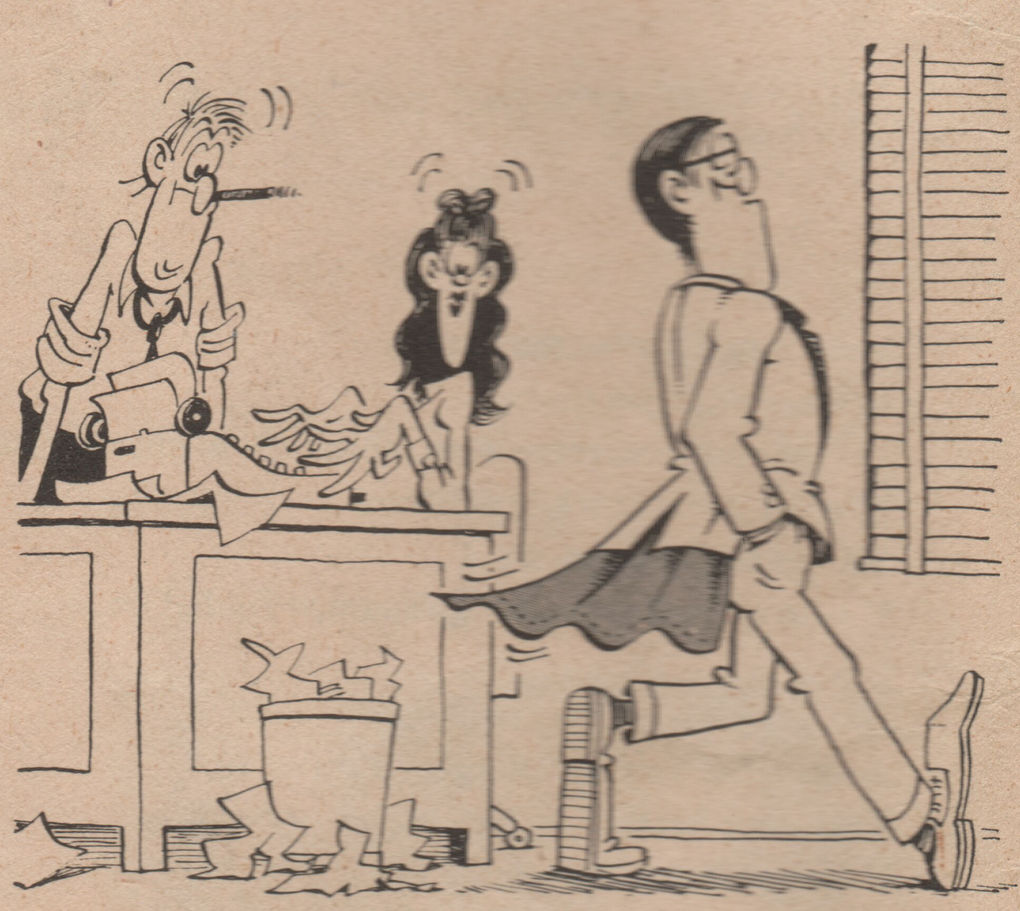




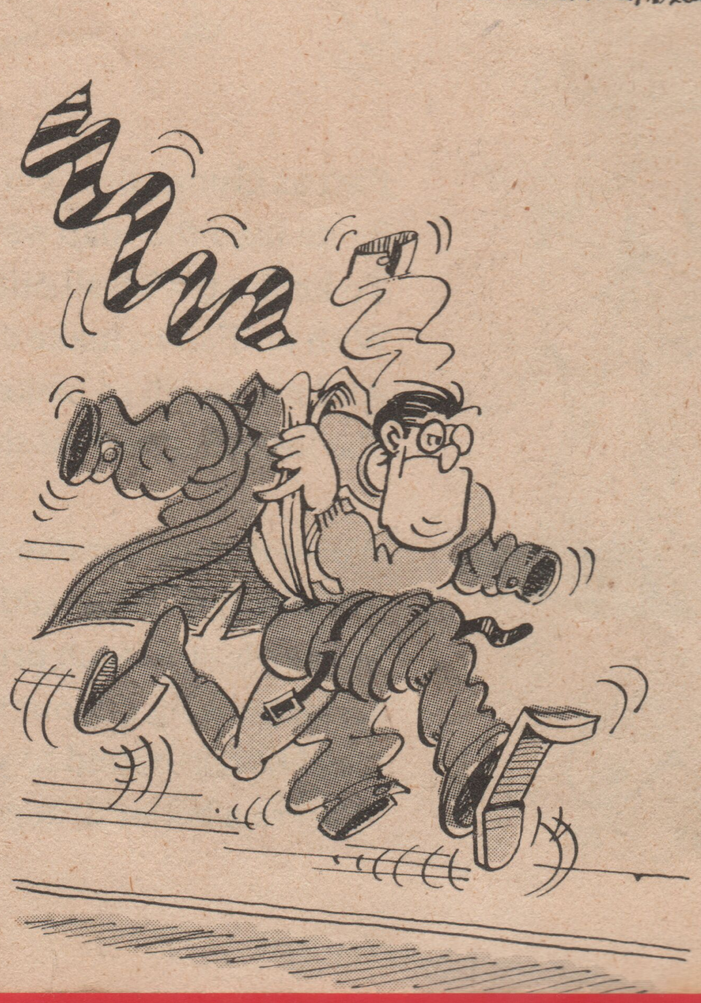














ERMAN

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: DON EDWING

Must **hurry**...! Only **minutes left!!**

KKKSSSH

ALL ALIENS MUST REGISTER BEFORE JAN. 31st

Great Caesar's ghost!! It's an **emergency!** Quick, Olsen—

Yes, Chief!

EDITOR

Has anybody in here seen **Superman?!?**

CONTACT LENSES FITTED

CONTACT LENSES FITTED

Why, Clark!! Without your glasses, you're—you're— WHY, YOU'RE **SUPERMAN!**

D. MARTIN...

GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

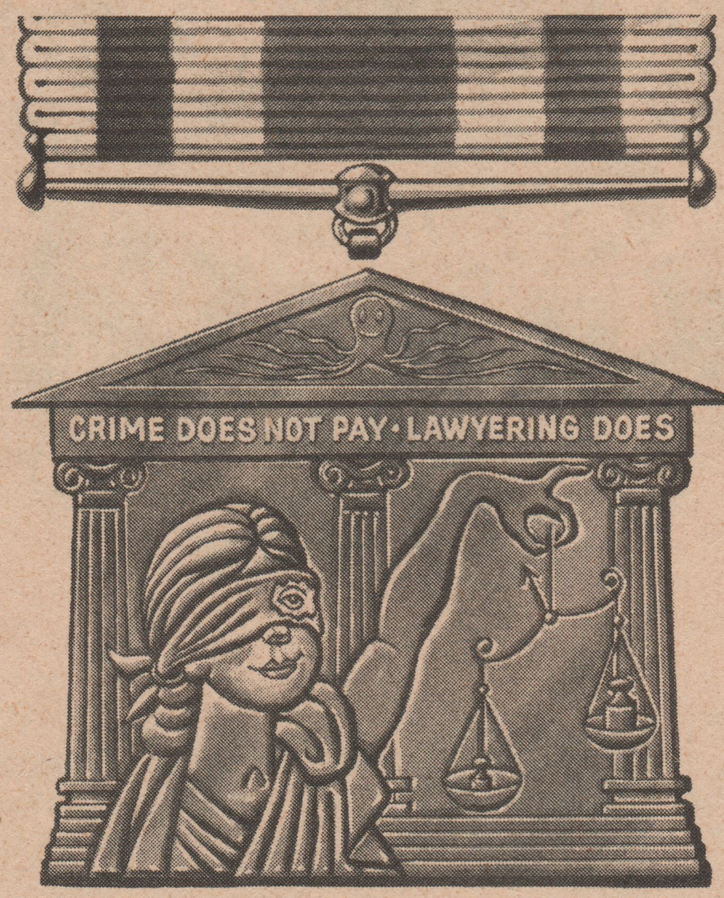
. . . TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING LAWYERS

THE BACKED-UP CALENDAR MEDAL



For boldly stalling and delaying . . . to drag out court trials, thus generating tremendous incomes for judges, lawyers, court employees, bail bondsmen, etc.—thereby strengthening the solid pillar on which our system of justice depends.

THE CREATIVE CASE AWARD

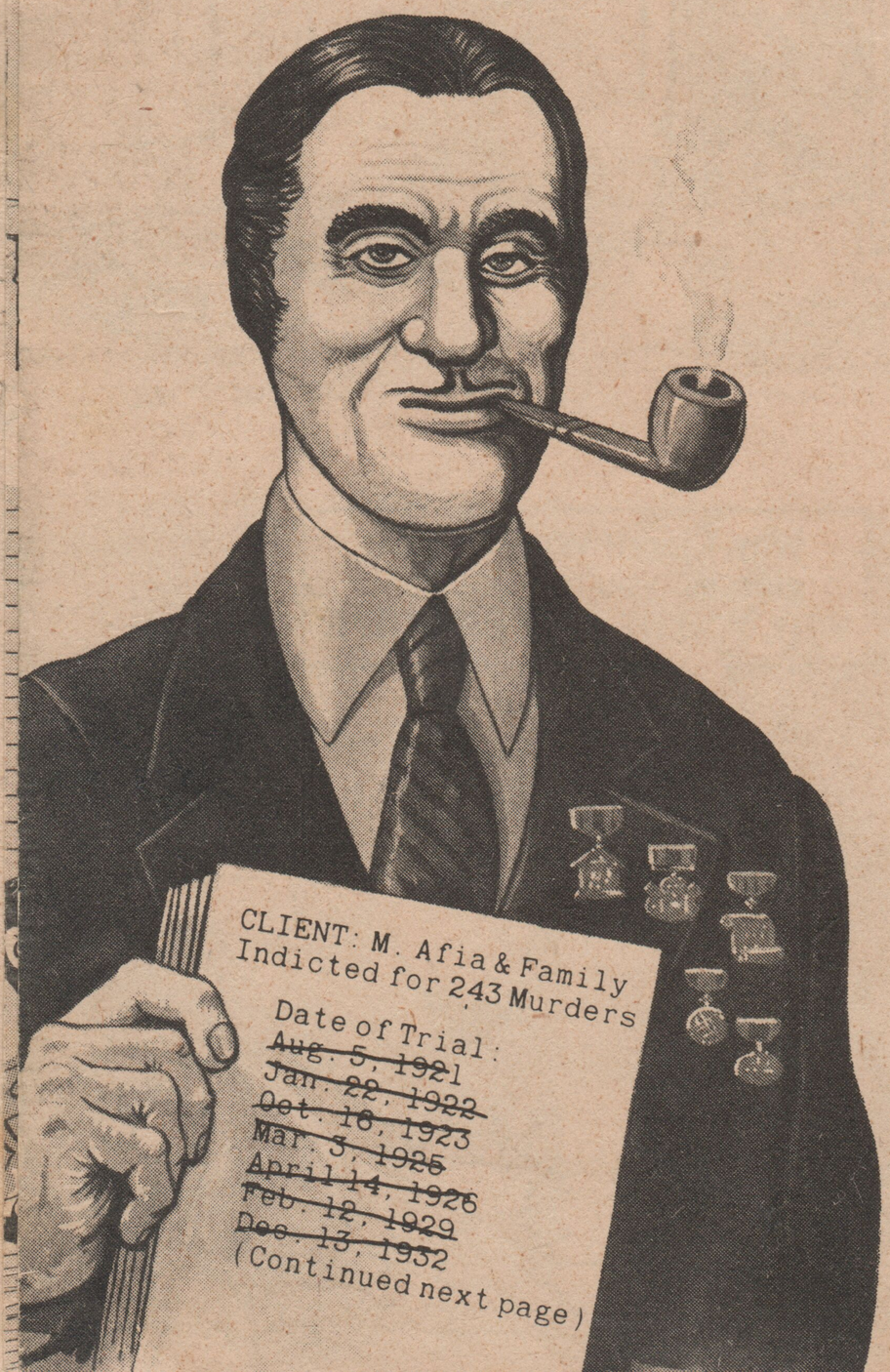


For heroically creating law suits out of nothing, and running up huge fees for clients whether they win or lose, and getting lots of publicity which brings in more clients and may even be useful for future political activity.

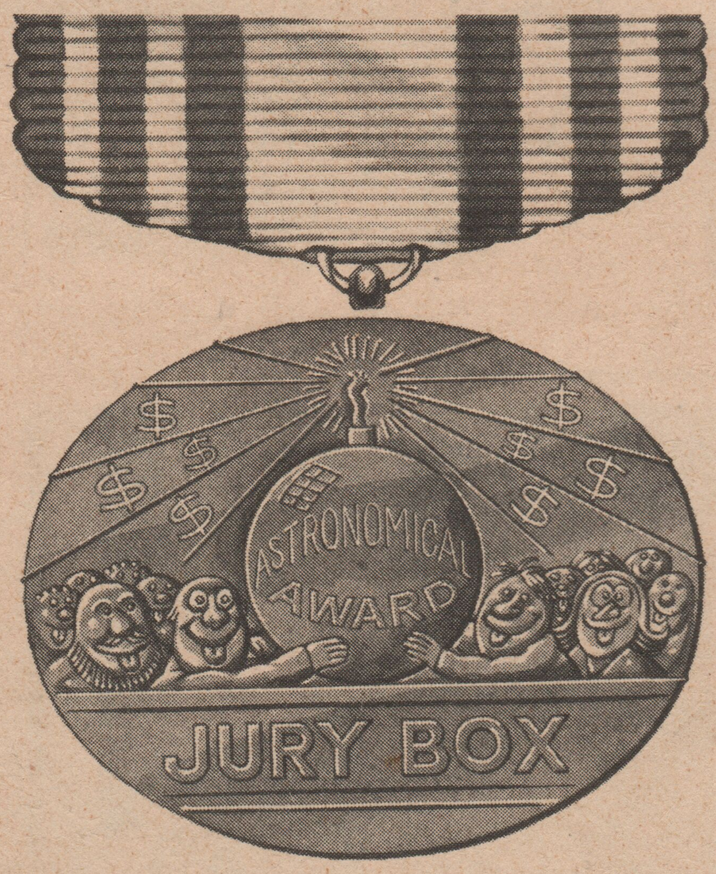
THE EXPERT WITNESS MEDAL



For bravely seeking and buying expert testimony that supports client's case (even if client is guilty of the most heinous crime) . . . thereby stimulating the economy by providing additional income to doctors, psychiatrists, etc.

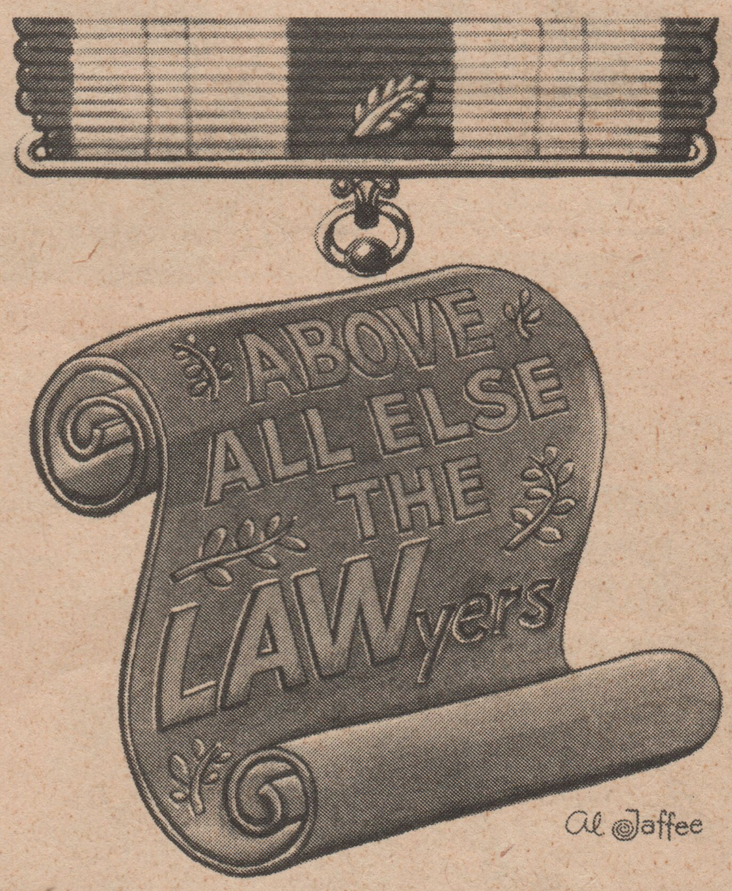


THE ESPRIT DE CORPS MEDAL



For gallantly sticking it to Insurance Companies by superb acting in front of juries, getting them to make fantastic awards despite the fact that everyone, including jurors themselves, will pay higher insurance premiums as a result.

THE GULLIBLE JUROR AWARD



For bravely running for election, thus resolutely helping to fill almost all political offices with lawyers so that legislation, first and foremost, will protect the rights, the privileges and the profits of this noble profession.

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

POLL-ISH JOKE DEPT.

Hi! I'm Consumer Advocate **Ralph Raider!** This article will examine America's preoccupation with **fantasy!** As you know, there exist in this country **TWO Never-Never Worlds,** filled with **fairies** and **ogres** and all kinds of **strange creatures!** And **someday,** we'll take a **look** at **"Disneyland"!** But right **now,** we're going to examine our **Television Networks!** So won't you join me as...

MAD EXPLORES THE TV RATINGS SYSTEM

First, to get a little background on our subject, let's meet **Alex Schlockman,** the **President** of one of our **top Television Networks!**

Mr. Schlockman . . . I'm sure that our readers would all love to know just how a man like yourself got to **BE** President of a big TV Network!

Well, Ralph . . . it's the **old "American Success Story"!** I started my career in the **mail room . . .**

Many years ago, when you were a **teenager?**

No, **SIX MONTHS ago,** when I was **fifty-one!** In no time at all, I'd developed **ten exciting new television shows!**

And **each** was a **bigger success** than the **other,** and that led to your **incredible rise . . . ?**

No . . . actually each was a **bigger BOMB** than the other! You see, in **this** business, you **can't move anywhere but UP!**

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Here's my **latest** masterpiece! It's called **"Phoebe and Sally"!** It's a **Sitcom** about the madcap antics of a couple of wild and whacky **female garbage collectors** in **Cleveland, Ohio!** We expect this series to **go through the roof** in the '79 season!

And **what happens** to you if it **flops??**

I'll probably be promoted to **Chairman of the Board!** Or with a little luck **. . . GOD!**

Tell me, **why** are TV ratings so **vital** to you Network people?

Obviously, it's **very important** to know **how many people watch each show!**

To **please** the **audience**—and **reach them** through the **heart?**

No, to **grab** the **advertisers**—and make them **pay** through the **nose!** You realize how many **millions of dollars** a **single rating point represents?**



In other words, ratings are a **life-and-death matter** to the TV Networks?

Not **THIS one,** Ralph! Listen to these **mature, intelligent people** around us! As you can see, they have **more enlightening things** on their minds!

We must do a **prime time show** on **Solar Energy** as a **new life force!**

Yes, that could fit in well with our projected retrospective on the **paintings** of **Marc Chagall . . . !**

I agree! But I think we should **first** contact the **Bolshoi Ballet,** and . . .

THE *RATINGS* ARE COMING!!

THE *RATINGS* ARE COMING!!

THE RATINGS!! Le'me **see** them . . .

No, **ME FIRST!!** Get **out** of my **way** or I'll **kill** you!

If we didn't beat **"Charlie's Angels"** last week, it's **my NECK!!**

Oh, my God! Our **Number One show** went down the **toilet!**

What show is **that?**

You know! The one starring the **bald photographer** who **fights crime . . .**

Oh, yeah! **"Kodak"!** Sorry about that, Mr. Schlockman!

Well . . . I guess ratings **really ARE** your life's blood **after all!**

Don't be **ridiculous,** Ralph! What you just saw inside was a **freak occurrence!** Believe me, our lives are **NOT** governed by popularity polls! Well, I've got to **leave** now! I'm meeting my wife, **Miriam!**

I—I **read** somewhere that you're married to a woman named **"SONIA"!**

I WAS!! But then I found out that only **17%** of the **pedestrians** were **looking her over** when we walked in the streets! I—I **HAD** to drop her!

Would you believe that **37%** of the pedestrians looked **Miriam** over **last week ALONE!!**

No kidding!! Good luck, Mr. Schlockman! I sure hope your new marriage **lasts!**

Well . . . I'm **committed** to at least **13 weeks!** After that, **we'll see!!**

Well, so much for the **Network** side of our subject! I'm talking now with **Max Vontz,** a top executive with the **Neelsin Ratings company!**

Mr. Vontz, could you briefly sum up **Neelsin's influence** on the TV Industry?

Glad to, Ralph! We at Neelsin have our **thumb** on the **pulse** of the **television-viewing public!**

In other words—

Right! We're **giving** America the **finger!**

Hah-hah! A little **inside joke,** Ralph! But **seriously . . .** let me show you how it's done. . . .

This map shows our **1200 Neelsin viewers!** They tell us **exactly** what the **country** is **watching!**

1200 people tell us what **over 100 million** are **watching?**

Absolutely! It's called **"Scientific Sampling"!** By taking the **coefficient framis integers** and then **projecting** the **ratios** and **multiplying** them by the **omni-probability factor,** we know that **40 million people** watched **"Donny and Marie"** last week!

How do you **get away** with that stuff?! **Nobody** knows what in heck you're **talking** about!!

Nobody knows what in heck **"Donny and Marie"** are talking about, **either!** But **that** doesn't stop **them!**

Maybe I can bring this down to a **more personal** level . . .

Each Neelsin viewer represents about **166,666 TV viewers!** Now, there are **3 Neelsin viewers** in **Buffalo, N.Y.**

Ghenghis Rosenberg, an **immigrant Cost Accountant** from **Mongolia, Samantha Guthrie,** a **Sexual Surrogate,** and **Amos Albright,** a **Wine-Taster . . .**

So if we ever want to know what **TV shows** the city of **Buffalo, N.Y.** is watching on a given night . . .

You contact a **Mongoloid . . .** a **Hooker . . .** and a **Wino!!**

You catch on **fast,** Ralph!

What we do is attach this **little box** to the **TV set** of each Neelsin viewer, and it **records** what **shows** they're watching! And as a **special incentive,** if anything goes **wrong** with their sets, we **fix them free of charge!** Last year, we replaced over **2,000 tubes** in viewer's sets!

How come all those tubes **blew out? Over-use** of the **TV sets,** I suppose!

No . . . **faulty installation** of the **little box!**

Here's **one** of our **Neelsin families,** Ralph! The **Finks,** of **Pawtucket, R.I.!** We like to choose **AVERAGE viewers, not** people who are **addicted** to TV!

Mr. Vontz is **so right,** Ralph! We really are **very discriminating** as viewers! We **never** let the TV **influence our lives** in any way!

Good for you! What **wonderful children!** What are their **names?**

This is **Lucy** . . . and that's **Desi!**

The **twins, Starsky** and **Hutch,** are upstairs!

Just think, Ralph! By projecting what **WE watch,** the Neelsin people know **exactly** what **166,666** of our **neighbors** and **friends** in **Rhode Island** are watching! It's **really awesome,** isn't it?!

Last night, f'rinstance, we watched this **terrific new SitCom, "My Friends, Melvin and Selma"! We loved** it! I discussed it with everyone in my **office** and all the people in my **bowling league . . .**

And I discussed it with my **bridge group** . . . and everyone at the **Supermarket!**

And did the **others like it?**

We don't know! Nobody else **saw** it!!

Well, I guess as soon as you **finish eating,** you're going into the **living room,** put on the **TV set,** and **start recording** for **Neelsin!**

Oh, the set's **already ON,** Ralph . . . and it's **BEEN recording!!**

Really? Who's **watching it??**

Our **parakeet, "Fonzie"** . . . !

Mr. Vontz, does **THIS tell you anything?**

It **sure does,** Ralph! We **now know** for a **fact** that **166,666 birds** of **assorted species** in **Rhode Island** are watching **"Love Boat"!**

Come now, Mr. Vontz! What do you **really** think about all these new facts you learned!

I **guess** Neelsin might have been a **LITTLE bit off** in its projections through the years, Ralph! Anyway, I've **fed** all the new information I picked up into our **computers,** and we should be getting **feedback** shortly!

Good Lord! I can't believe it! For **years,** we've been **TOTALLY WRONG!** Do you realize that **practically NOBODY** has been watching **"Happy Days", "All In The Family",** and **Laverne and Shirley"!?!** Not only **that,** but the three **most popular shows** in recent history were **"The Bell Telephone Hour", "Hallmark Playhouse"** and **"60 Minutes"!!**

Look, Ralph —*heh-heh*— what do you say we just **FORGET** about all this and—

Forget?! Just think of all the **billions of advertiser's dollars** that **went down the sewer . . .** sponsoring the **WRONG SHOWS!!**

I've got to get over to **The Avenue of the Americas— FAST!** I wonder if **Mr. Schlockman** and the **other Networks** know about this yet!

THEY *KNOW* . . . !! THEY *KNOW* . . . !!!




SPY VS SPY
BOOM
CAMOUFLAGE KIT-MK37
BOOM

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFIDENT DEPT.

WHAT IS H

ARTIST : SERGIO ARAGONES



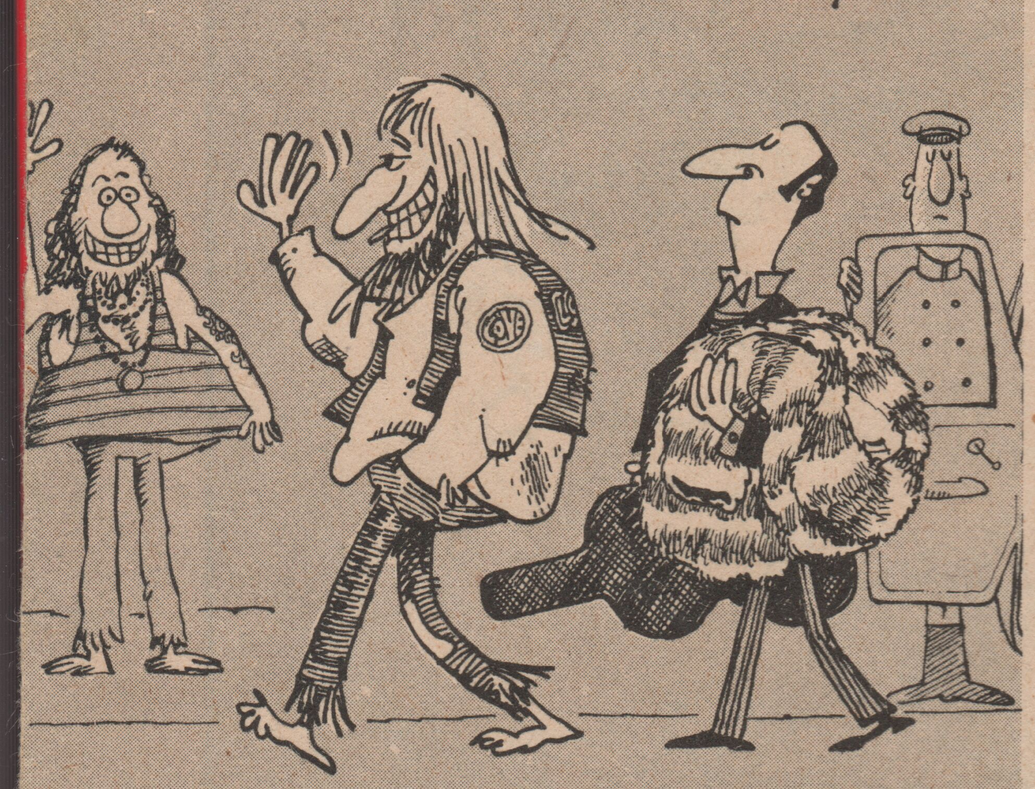
ONCE a famous person has finished cheating, whining, intimidating, screaming and lying to achieve all the material riches of life, he is often gripped by an urge to achieve Humility. You can almost predict when a famous person will first turn Humble. It usually happens right after he has founded a corporation named after himself. His initial outburst of full blown Humility may come when he interrupts a conversation about something else to say, "The Good Lord was kind to me." Or he may butt in to say, "I'm just grateful that I was put on Earth to spread happiness." Or he may simply say, "I owe a lot to the Man Upstairs." But whatever he says, he always makes sure he's saying it before an audience of twenty million people on a TV talk show.

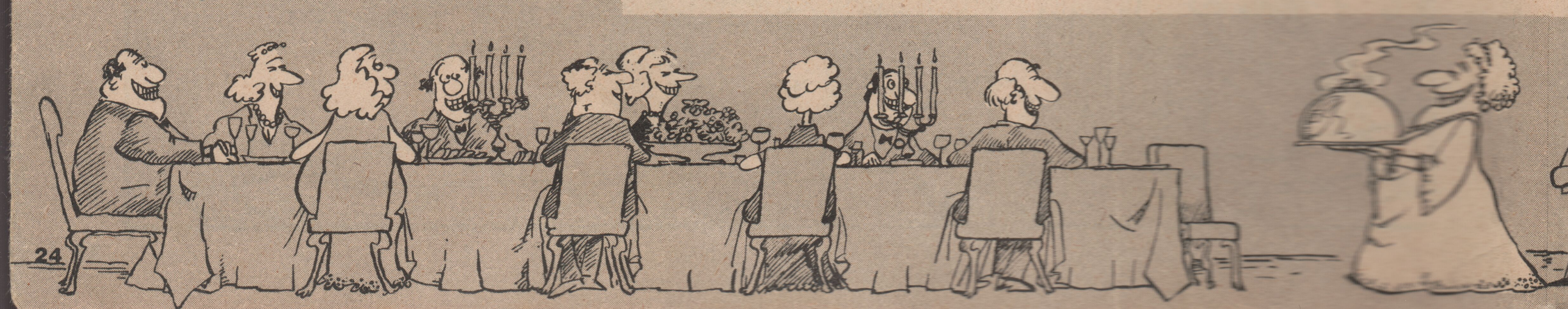
IN ALL CASES, those blessed with Humility can be counted on to make profound comments. Who else but a Humble Actor would remind us that he could never have become a Hollywood star without the help of the guy who put film in the camera? Who else but a Humble Athlete would admit that he might not have scored four touchdowns in the Super Bowl without linemen in front of him? Who else but a Humble Tycoon would confess that he might have succeeded more slowly if his father hadn't manufactured automobiles, and his grandfather hadn't invented them? And who else but a Humble Politician would only promise to end war and erase poverty if he can count on God's assistance?

IT's EASY to spot the celebrity in any crowd who has most recently turned Humble. He's the one who always refers to his new big budget movie as "a little film", and his thousand acre ranch as "a little country place" and his latest acquisition as "a little team in the National Hockey League." In fact, the only things he seems to view as larger than average are his alimony payments to his ex-wife, and the chest measurement of his current girl friend and, of course, his own deep Humility.

AS WITH MOST things, Humility has its luke warm supporters and its all-out fanatics. A luke warm supporter thinks he has been sufficiently Humble if he takes off his hat in the presence of the Pope, or holds an elevator door open for Queen Elizabeth, or refrains from addressing the President of the United States as "Buster". Among advocates of utter Humility, this is only a beginning. They also toil in quiet anonymity to have their agents found such worthy tax write-offs as the Danny Thomas Backgammon Classic, the Jerry Lewis Heartburn Telethon and the Sammy Davis Demolition Derby. In return, they ask for nothing more than a mass outpouring of love from a grateful nation.

POLITICIANS HAVE IT easier than other Humble Folk because they only need to slather themselves with Humility at election time. Anybody can stand to dance the polka at a sweaty factory





HUMILITY?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

workers's picnic once every four years. Anybody can put up with the limited wine list at the Dayton, Ohio, Travelodge on rare occasions. And anybody can tolerate a delegation of German-Americans with sauerkraut on their breath now and then. But it's the non-political celebrity who must withstand the day-in, day-out pressure of mingling with guys who wear neckties, and girls who drive Datsuns, and families from Kansas. It's hard for even the most devoutly Humble to face people like that without flaunting their superiority.

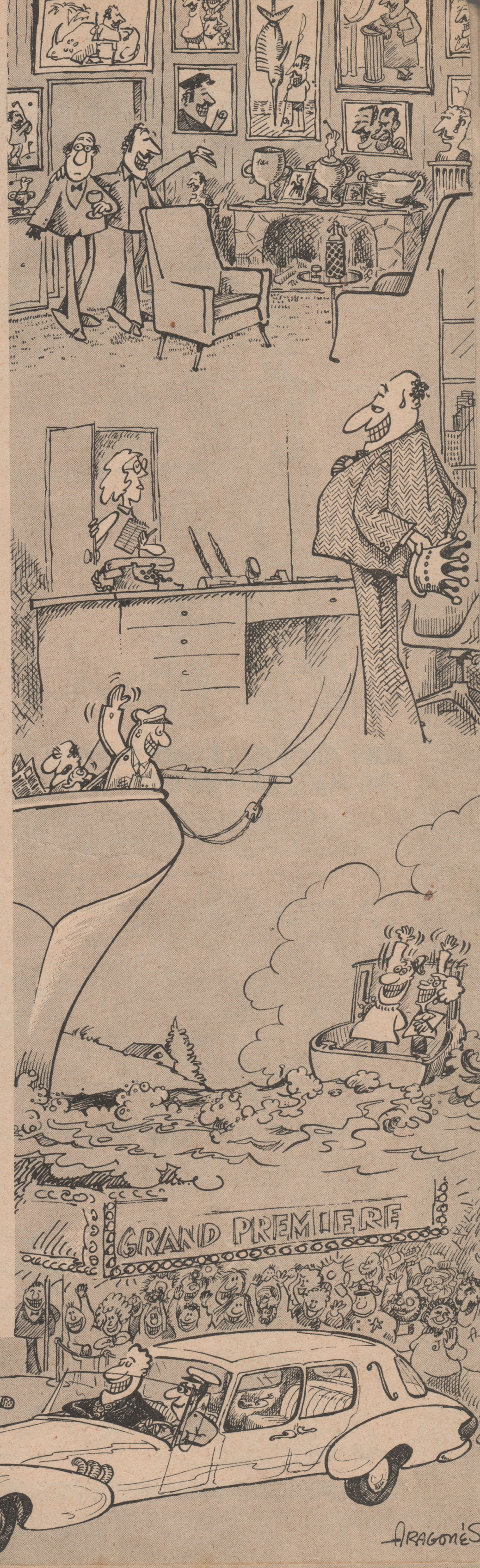
THE PRACTITIONER of Humility possesses the Thoughtful Wisdom of Idi Amin, the Unswerving Purpose of Patricia Hearst, the Tranquil Spirit of Telly Savalas, the Tireless Patience of Liz Taylor, the Studious Philosophy of Redd Foxx and the Keen Perception of Sonny Bono.

INDEED, A TRULY Humble Celebrity is much more than the two-dimensional Xeroxed copy of Pat Boone that we take him to be. He is also Firm Resolve hiding behind his public relations man, Pious Dedication tooling around in a Rolls Royce Corniche, Quiet Good Taste in a sequin dinner jacket, Warm Generosity mailing food stamps home for Mother's Day, the American Spirit floating proudly on a sea of self-indulgence, and Humanity's Best Hope for Tomorrow passing out after his sixth martini.

STILL, THOSE WHO have made Humility their lifetime endeavor are much like ordinary people in many ways. They have their moments of self doubt . . . when they wonder if they might have crusaded for a more popular charity than the Charles Manson Legal Defense Fund. They have their delusions of grandeur . . . when they honestly think that their maudlin mumbling about Brotherhood on the Johnny Carson Show was good enough to merit the Nobel Peace Prize. They even have their secret flaming desires . . . to beat Robert Blake with a rubber hose until he agrees to become as Humble as they are.

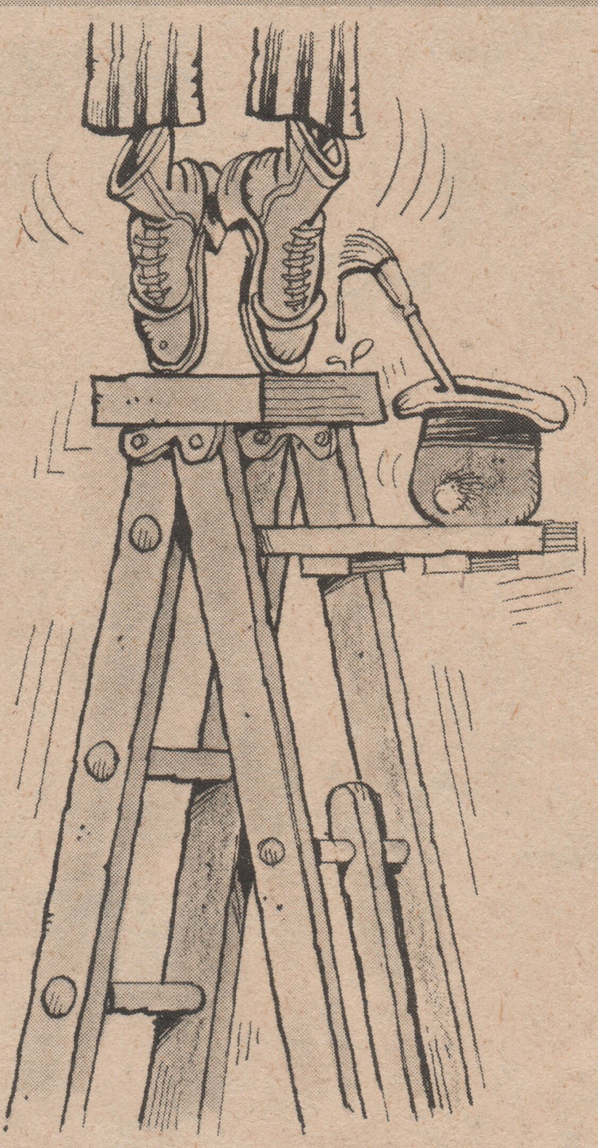
NO ONE REALLY knows what inner light guides so many beautiful, talented, lovable people onto the path of Humility. Some say they were inspired by their work-worn, saintly Mothers. Others tell long anecdotes about the Humble Wisdom passed on to them by beloved teachers, impoverished ministers, defeated revolutionaries, passionate librarians, short rabbis, stubborn sharecroppers, grubby newsboys and retired pole vaulters. In truth, most famous people who embrace Humility probably were led to it by some forgotten subordinate who finally went berserk and screamed the words of advice that every mealy-mouthed, saccharine sweet phony eventually hears:

"UP YOUR IMAGE!"

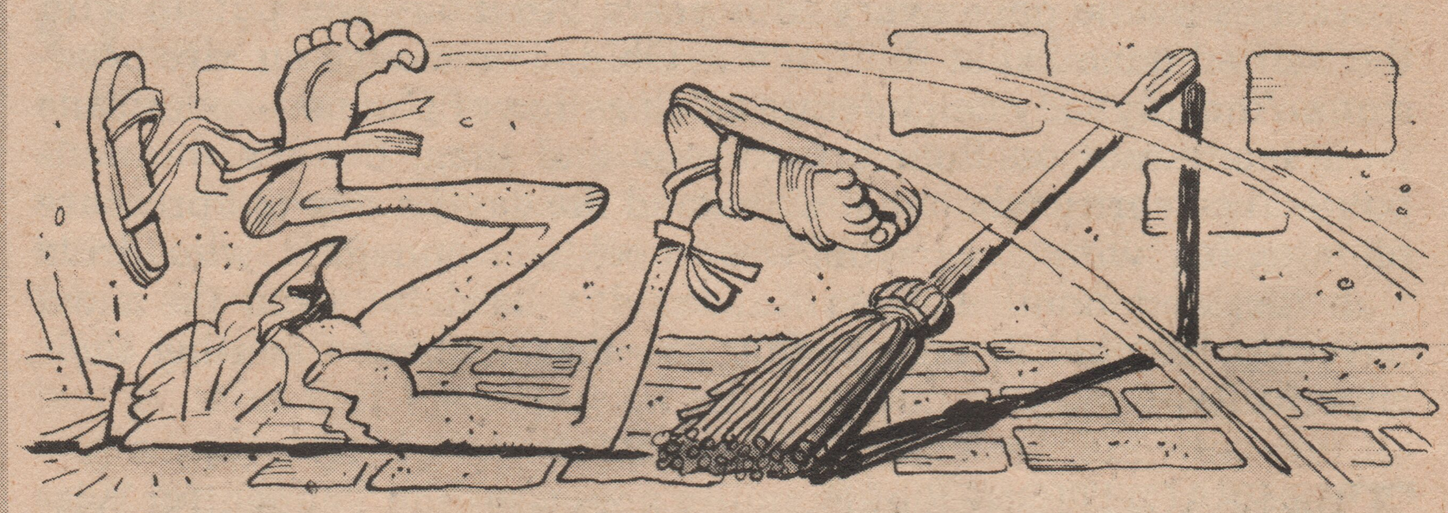


FOOT-NUTS DEPT.

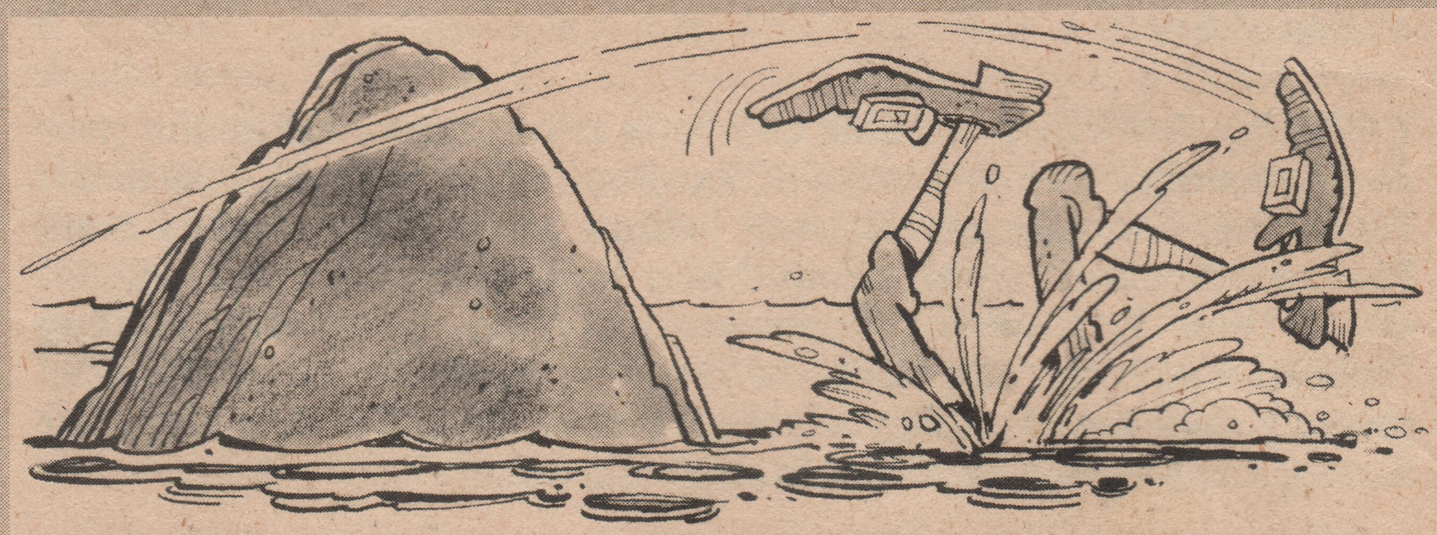
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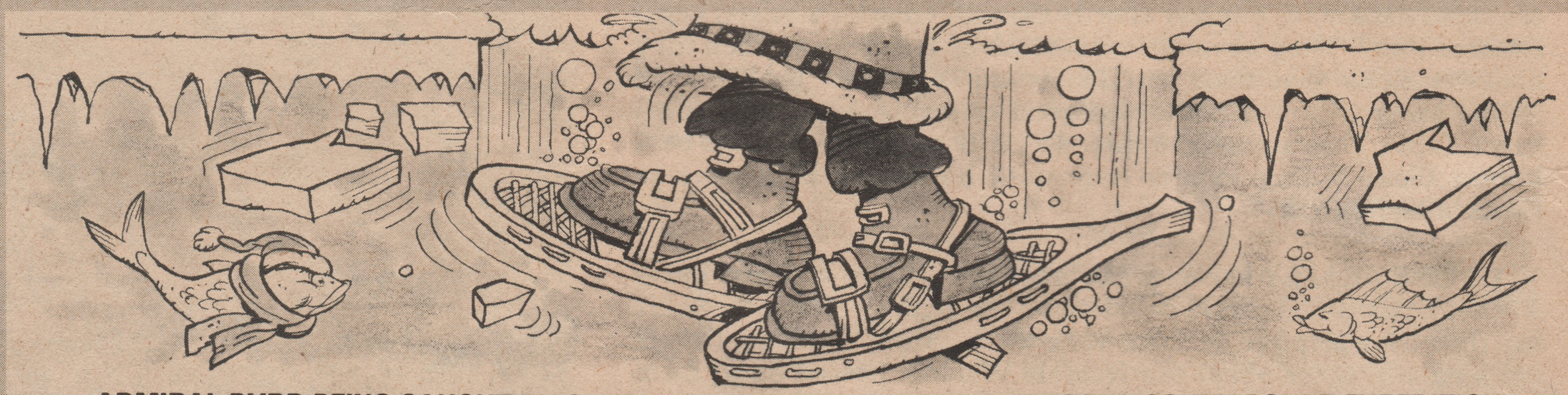
HENRI TOULOUSE-LAUTREC CHANGING THE LIGHTBULB IN HIS PARIS STUDIO



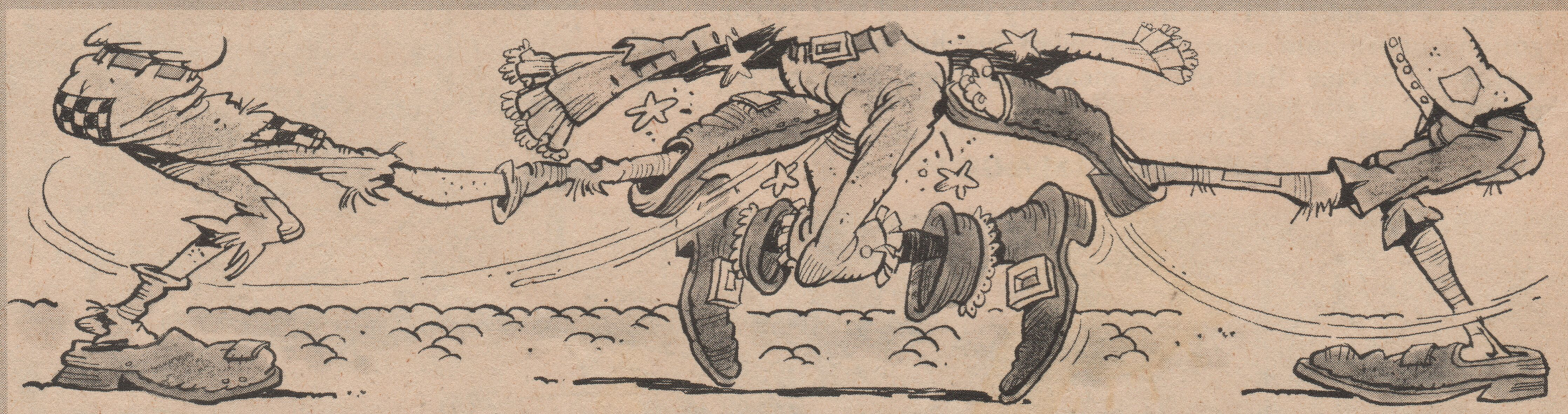
MATHEMATICIAN PYTHAGORAS STUMBLING ACROSS HYPOTENUSE



A PILGRIM MISSING THE FAMOUS LANDING AT PLYMOUTH ROCK

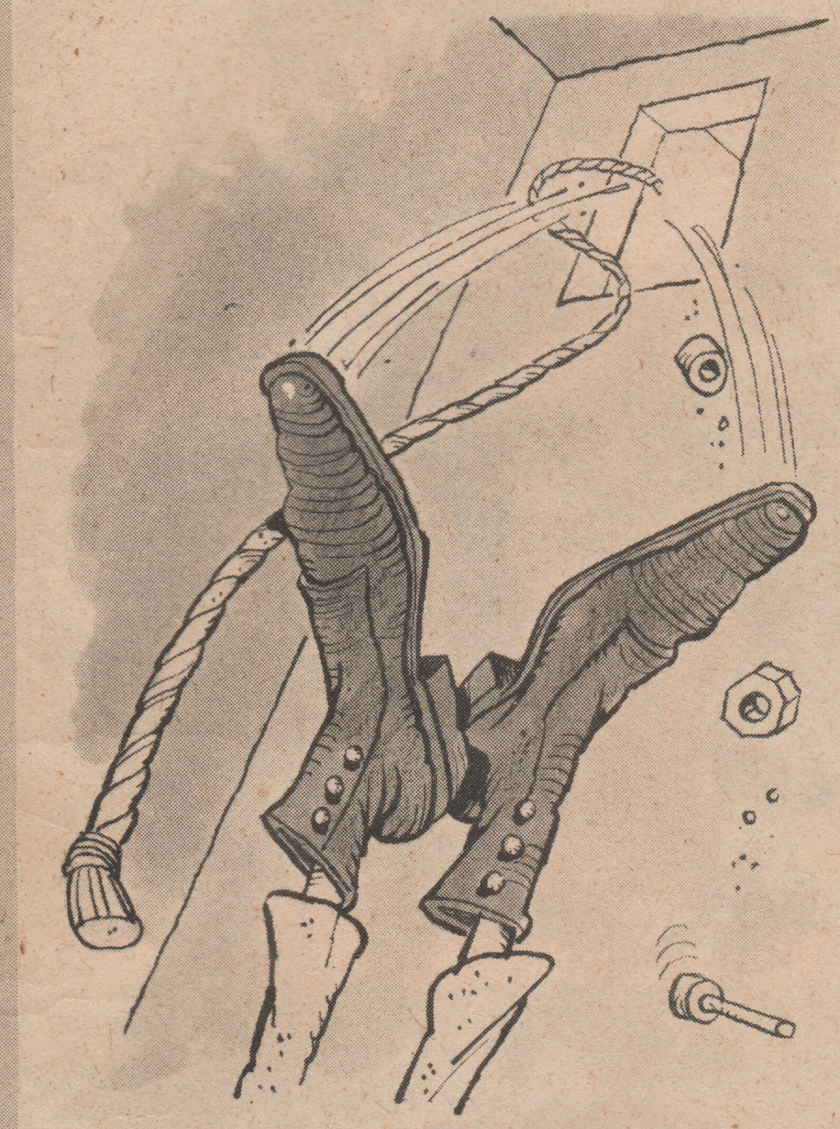


ADMIRAL BYRD BEING CAUGHT BY SUDDEN SPRING THAW WHILE ON SECOND SOUTH POLAR EXPEDITION

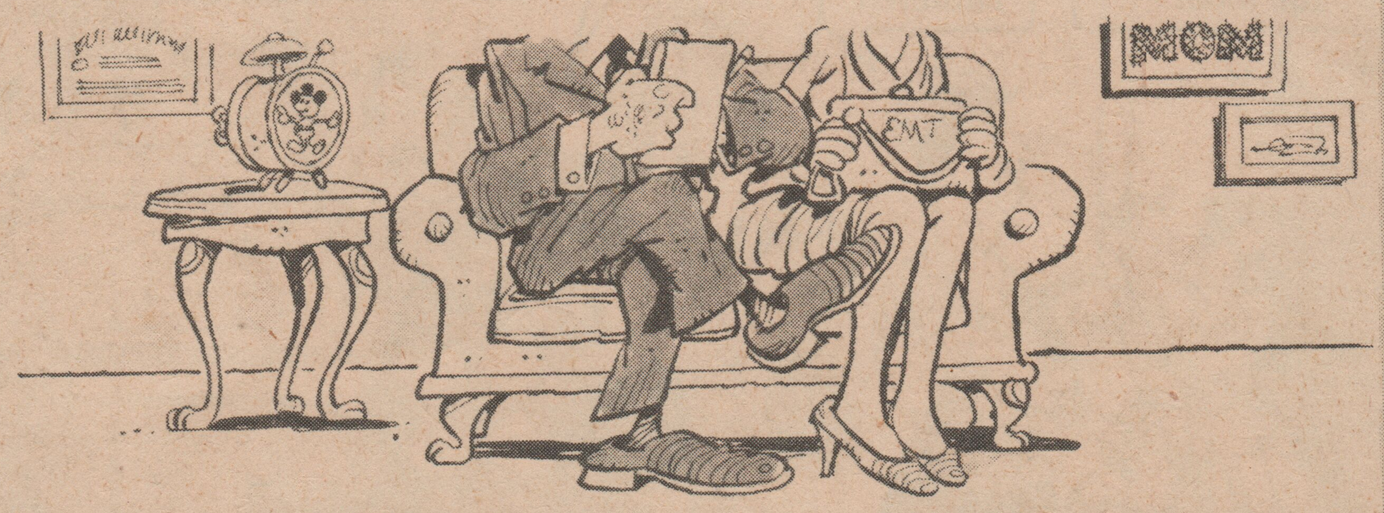


THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY ATTEMPTING TO INTRODUCE RULES OF GENTLEMANLY CONDUCT TO BRAWLERS

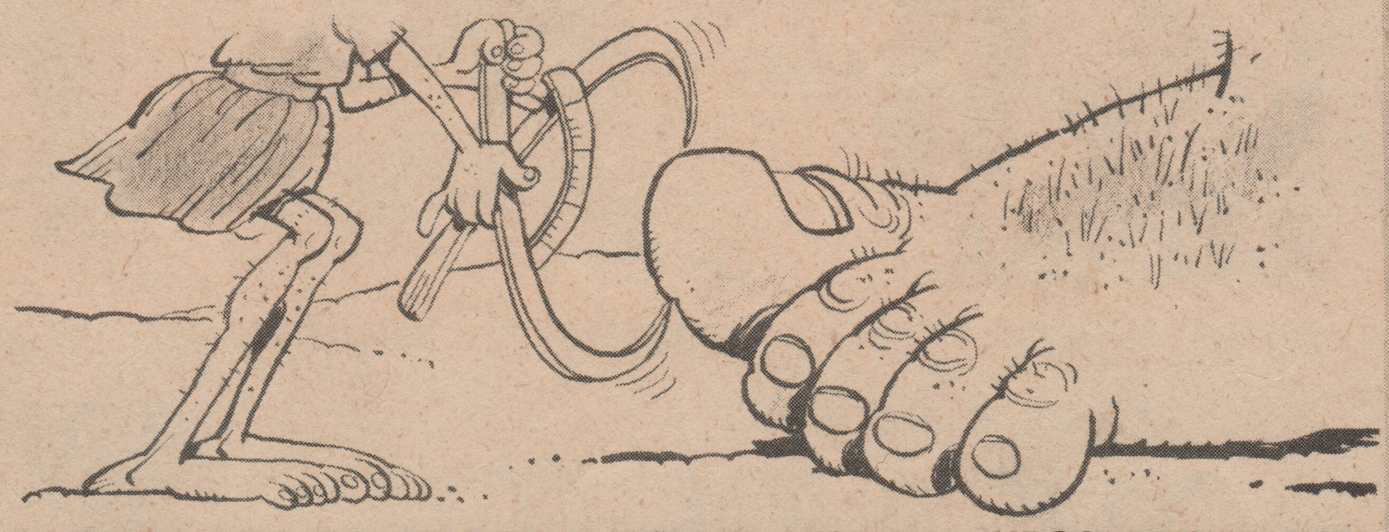
OME LEGENDARY FEETS



INVENTOR OTIS INSTALLING
THE VERY FIRST ELEVATOR

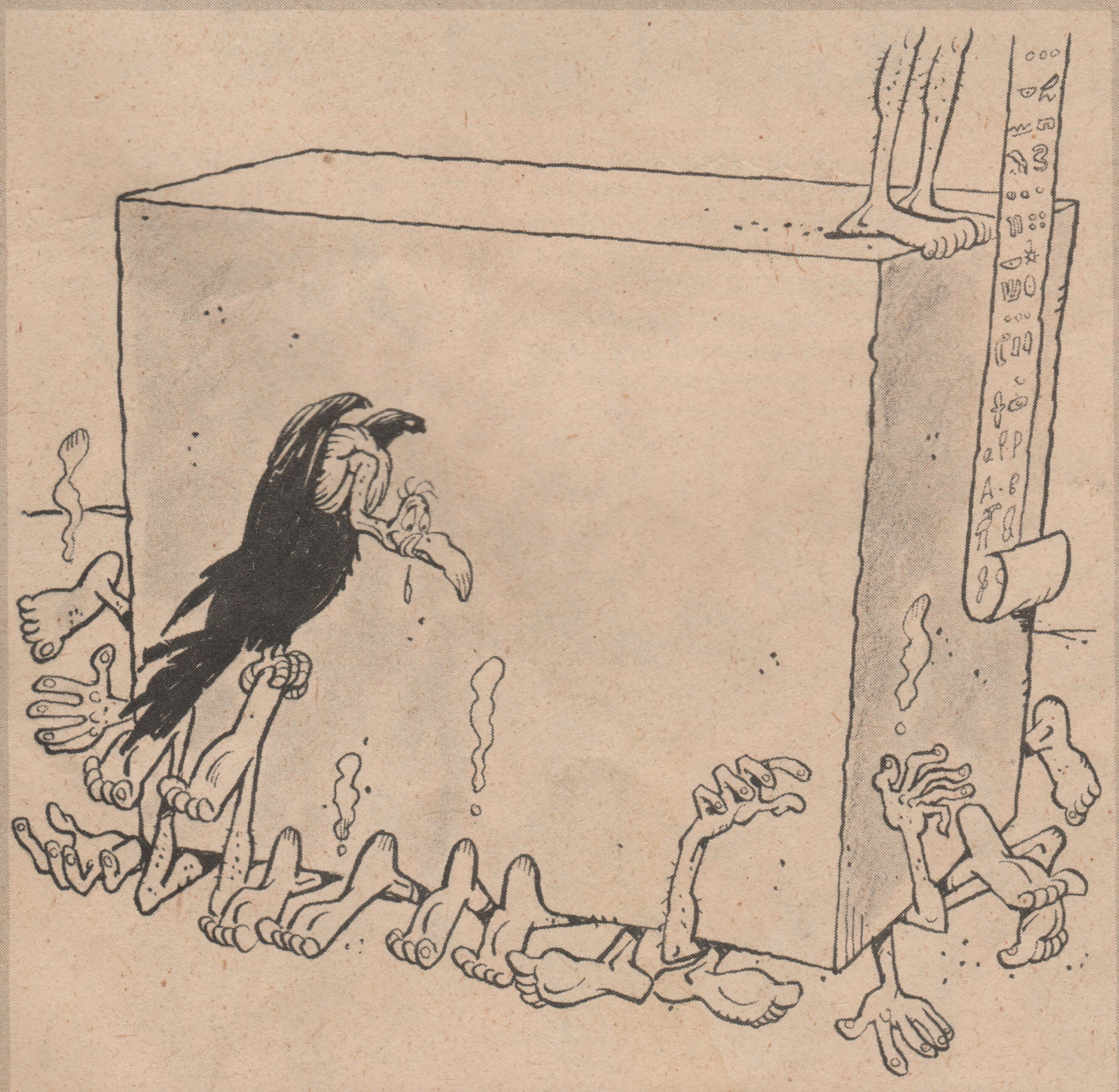


SIGMUND FREUD PRACTICING BEFORE HIS COUCH WAS DELIVERED



DAVID'S TRAINER SCOUTING GOLIATH FOR THE UPCOMING MATCH

ARTIST: BOB JONES WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



PHARAOH DEDICATING PYRAMID OF CHEOPS' CORNERSTONE



HANNIBAL DESCENDING THE ALPS

Mom, I'm **quitting college** so I can pursue the things that I'm **really interested in... full time!**

But aren't you being **selfish** and **unfair** to your **Father?!?**

No... I'm just asking to be allowed to **do my thing!** In no way have I ever—or **will** I ever—prevent **DAD** from doing **HIS thing!!**

And while **you're goofing off,** your **Father** will have to **work like a dog** to **support you!!**

THAT'S his thing!!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

The "M

You think I was **born** with a **magnificent body** like this? It took **years of hard work!** I spent **hours** every day... **pumping iron** and **sweating** on **scientifically-designed torture racks** that build up muscles to their maximum!

But it was all **worth it!** I finally achieved what I **wanted!** Today, I'm a **he-man,** a **macho figure,** an **object of beauty** to be **worshipped** and **admired!!**

Gee... all the **girls** must have the **hots** for you! You probably have to beat them off with a **stick,** huh?

Girls?!? **Girls?!?**

Who's got **time** for **girls?!**

E"Generation

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

I've just been watching the **Eleven O'Clock News!** Gad... **everything** is **TERRIBLE!** The **Communist tentacles** are out—slowly grasping **Africa, Asia, Europe** and even the **Americas!**

The **Middle-East** is still a **hot spot!** The greedy **OPEC nations** are still messing with **oil prices** and ruining the **world's economies!** And **racial tensions** can explode into **civil wars everywhere!**

Isn't there **ANY good news—anywhere** in this troubled world?!

Sure there is! I know some really **great** news!

I lost **half a pound** today!!

In the **Sixties,** I was under **"peer pressure"!** I claimed I was doing **my own thing** ... but **actually,** I was doing **everybody ELSE'S thing!**

Yep, in the Sixties, I was **outer-directed!** I was interested in **everybody around me!** It was **"they"** and **"them"!** And then I saw that all that **sound** and **fury** really **didn't do much good!** So, I turned over a **new leaf!** Now, I'm looking inward!

Now, in the **Seventies,** it's **"I"** and **"me"** and **"mine"** and **"myself"!** Now... at last... I'm **truly** doing **my own thing!**

What made you **change** so **drastically**...?

Because **EVERYBODY ELSE DID!!**

There was a **popular song** that affected my **whole life!** It inspired me to **leave home** and become **independent** of my **domineering parents!** And **now,** I'm **changing** my **personality!**

I'm patterning myself after **my heroes!** I'm developing the **diplomacy** of a **Kissinger,** the **agility** of an **O.J. Simpson,** the **charm** of a **Cary Grant**...

...and the **wit** of a **Johnny Carson!**

That's **great!** But **what** was the **name** of the **song??**

"I Gotta Be Me"!!

MISS Vivian Lipson?!? I **thought** you were **married!!**

I am! But I kept my **maiden name!** I didn't want to be known as **MRS. Don Furd!** I wanted to be **ME,** without losing my **identity!**

I **didn't** want to be a **nothing Housewife!** I wanted to be an **individual**...a **SOMEBODY!!** So I went out and got a **job** with a **large corporation!**

And **what** did they **call** you on the job...??

Number 803-78-0699!!

Hold it right there, young man! Where do you think **YOU'RE** going?

I've **got** to tell **Sybil** something **TERRIBLY IMPORTANT!**

When I was in **college,** my Professors **marked** and **rated** me! I **hated** that!!

Then I started **living** with a **girl!** She began **marking** and **rating** me on my **sexual performance!** I got **sick** of being **judged constantly**... so I **quit** college, and I **broke up** with the girl!

I even **gave up sex!** Now, I use up all that energy **jogging!**

Speaking of jogging—

On a scale of one to ten, as a **runner,** I rate you a **five!**

I'm on a frantic quest to **remake** myself into a **more fulfilled person!** It takes **all day** and **night,** and **week-ends!** There's my **Dance Lessons,** my **Health Spa,** my **EST Meetings** and my **Guru,** to name a few!

But doesn't all this **self-centeredness** bother your Husband?!?

It **sure did!** That's why he **left me,** and we were **divorced!!**

Gee, that's **really terrible!**

No, it's not! I'm a **liberated, independent woman!!**

Who needs a Husband!?!

ALIMONY!! That, I need!!

Under **no circumstances** is **Sybil to be disturbed!** She is **meditating!** She is in an **altered state of consciousness!** Her **metabolic rate** is **lowered!** She is **totally serene** and **at peace!** I will **not** allow you to disturb her **tranquility** with any **negativeness!**

But NOTHING, young man! **You** can use some of her serenity **yourself!** Just **give me** the message and in twenty minutes, when she's **finished,** I will **relay** your news **to** her!

Okay, if that's the way you **want** it! At that point in time, just tell her in a calm manner that...

...her **apartment's on fire!!**

Every Tuesday, I go to my **GROUP THERAPY session!** It's done **wonders** for me!

I get up in front of all those **friendly faces,** and I **let it all hang out! I spill my guts!** I—I **purge myself** of the things I've **bottled up inside me** that have been **troubling** me all my life! Le'me tell you, getting things off your chest to a group of **sympathetic people** is **fantastic!**

After I finish **unburdening myself,** each member of the group in turn gets up and tells **his** sad tale of woe!

Doesn't it become **tiresome**— hearing everybody's **troubles?**

WHO LISTENS...?!?

I am **SAVED!** I am a **BORN AGAIN PERSON!**

Before that, I was a **reprobate,** a **drug addict,** a **drunkard,** an **adulterer,** a **devil-worshipper!** Then I **repented** and was **reborn!**

Let me show you the **true way!** If you don't **repent your sins**... you'll **burn in Hell!**

But... I've **never sinned!!** I have **nothing** to **repent!!**

Then there's **NO HOPE for you!!**

ONE WAY

But I've done **ENOUGH** talking about **me!** Now it's **YOUR** turn! **YOU** talk about me!

That's such an **OLD JOKE!** I think you're **FULL** of **old jokes** and **old clichés!**

I think you're **selfish** and **self-centered!** I think you're a **bore!** I think you're **callous** to **other people's feelings!** I think you're a **phony intellectual!** I think you're **shallow!** I think you're **immature**...

I think you **listen,** but you hear only what you **want** to hear! And I think that's a **good summary** of what **you are!**

Hardly...!

All you did was talk about what **YOU think!** You didn't say **ANYTHING** about **ME!!**

I **made up my mind** that I'd do **everything in my power** to bring out the **"real me"!**

So, I **searched** for the real me by **joining** all kinds of **"self help" groups!** I paid my dues to **Scientology, Maharishi Ji, Krishna Consciousness, Naropa, Sufi, Yoga, Astrology—** You **name** it... I **joined** it!!

And **then...one day**... I discovered the **REAL ME!!**

I'm the **WORLD'S BIGGEST SUCKER!!**

David Berg

FLEECE CIRCUS DEPT.

We're always panic-stricken whenever a car or an appliance breaks down and must be entrusted to a repairman. Suddenly, we experience a creeping fear that the job will take twice as long, and the Repairman will think of ways to make it cost three times as much as expected. MAD has long been fascinated with this universal phobia about Repairmen. After all, these guys come from various backgrounds and have been trained for their jobs in various ways. So how come they've gained identical reputations for stalling us, humiliating us, double-talking us and overcharging us? Now MAD finds that it's no coincidence at all! Repairmen are feared and shunned because they all equip themselves with the same devious gadgets bought from the same shady supply house! We recently came into possession of that firm's secret catalogue, and as a public service to victims of rascally repairmen everywhere, we herewith present...

CRAFTY BUNKO SCHEMES, INC.

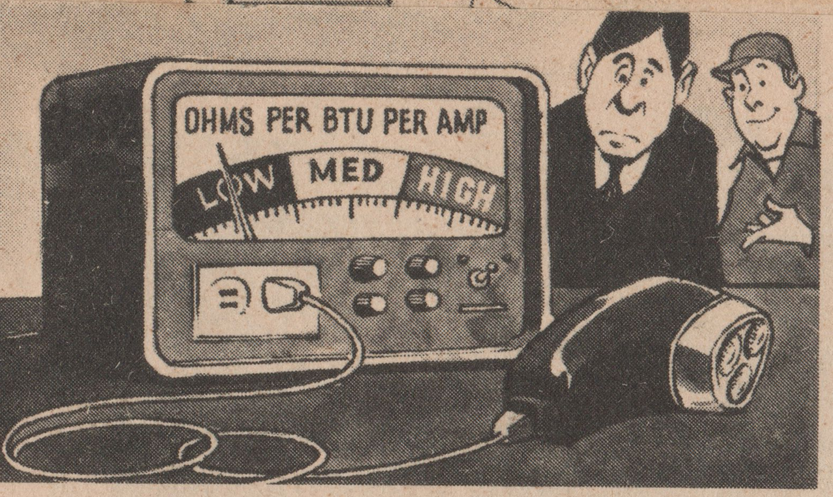
1979-80 REPAIRMEN'S PARTS & SUPPLY CATALOGUE



FOR MECHANICS, REPAIRMEN AND THEIR IMMEDIATE ACCOMPLICES ONLY

Absolutely No Retail Sales To Motorists, Homeowners Or Other Pigeons

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH



PHONY ELECTRIC TEST—O—METER pays for itself in no time by convincing skeptical customers of the need for costly repair work. Gadget actually measures nothing but your shop's altitude above sea level. However, the handsomely calibrated dial seems to say that new parts are needed for any appliance being tested, including TV sets, washers and even iron fry pans.

63101—"DIAL-M-FOR—MONEY" BRAND TESTER $48.75

"ALIBI IKE" PHONE ANSWERING MACHINE lets you present a variety of creative excuses for unfinished work without enduring the nuisance of talking to your customers in person. Just record the lame explanations we supply in your own voice, and let the machine do the rest. A "must" for those who never complete a job on time, but who prefer not to discuss the matter.

11376—WHINE-O-FONE ANSWERING MACHINE $347.50



"1,001 BORING ANECDOTES." This amazing book boosts profits by letting you add many extra hours of labor charges for time actually spent chatting with customers. Contents are cross-indexed to insure that any comments made by customer will lead you naturally into long, dull stories about vacation spots on Lake Huron, your sick dog, floor wax removal techniques or any of the book's other 998 time wasting topics.

32287—PRATTLE-FOR-PROFIT ANECDOTE BOOK $11.50





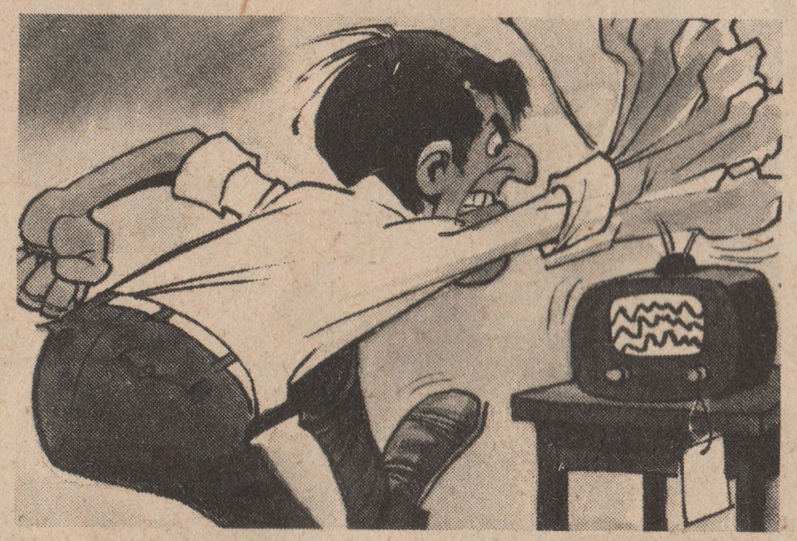
WIN PUBLIC TRUST BY WEARING FAKE RELIGIOUS MEDALS! These aluminum beauties are really World War I dog tags issued by the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but the gullible will assume that you're a devout person who lives by the Golden Rule. Best of all, you can still swindle without fear of sacrilege since the Austro-Hungarians weren't even on our side in the war.

47105—"HOLY TERROR" BRAND PHONY MEDALS . . . . . $14.50 doz.

MADDENING TV "LOANERS" make customers so happy to get their own sets back that they often fail to notice how you botched the repair work. These small screen beauties are all professionally adjusted to provide plenty of flopover and snow, even in strongest reception areas. Available in grain, black-and-white or deluxe "green people-purple grass" color models.

29093—PUTRID PICTURE TV SET $26.50

29094—EVEN WORSE COLOR MODEL $79.75



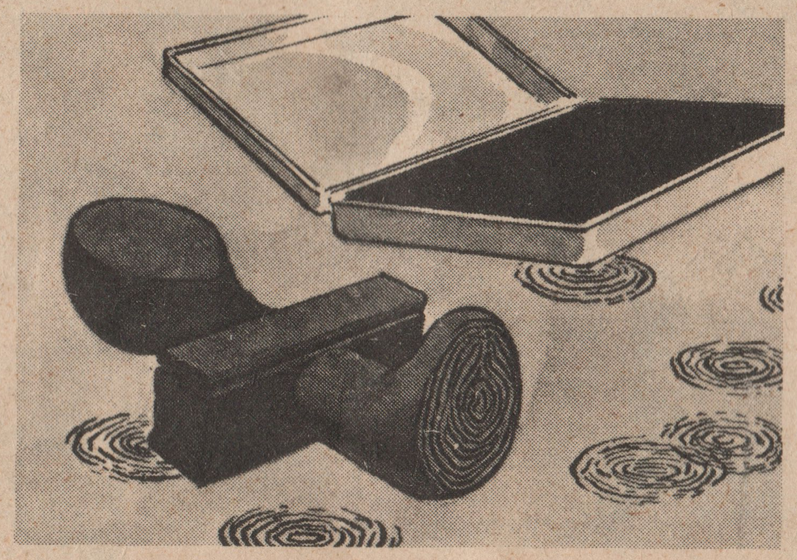


RENT A SHAPELY BLONDE CASHIER to divert customers' attention from the exorbitant bills they are receiving. Each of these overly-developed ladies has been trained to operate such complex office machines as pencil sharpeners and rubber stamps, while simultaneously flashing enough charm to make $83 seem like a small price to pay for having a loose wire tightened.

38862—CHEAP, CHARMING CHICK CHARTER SERVICE . . $275 per week

LEAVE BLACK THUMB PRINTS WITHOUT SOILING YOUR REAL HANDS! Lifelike imitation thumb helps you cover objects with enough dirty prints to assure even dubious customers that you spent hours working on their possessions. Includes indelible ink pad to simplify smudging of woodwork, leather, paste bathroom tile, etc., while you keep your own thumbs kissingly clean.

74388—"THUMB FUN" INDELIBLE SMUDGER $8.98





CLAIM CHECKS WITH MIS-MATCHED NUMBERS produce instant horror for your clientele and instant profits for you. Numbers printed on customers' stubs cleverly fail to match the ticket on any item in your shop. System enables you to keep all items for re-sale, or grudgingly return them to owners who will be too grateful to notice that you failed to do repair work.

28533—MATCHLESS CLAIM CHECKS . . . . . $12.89 per 1,000



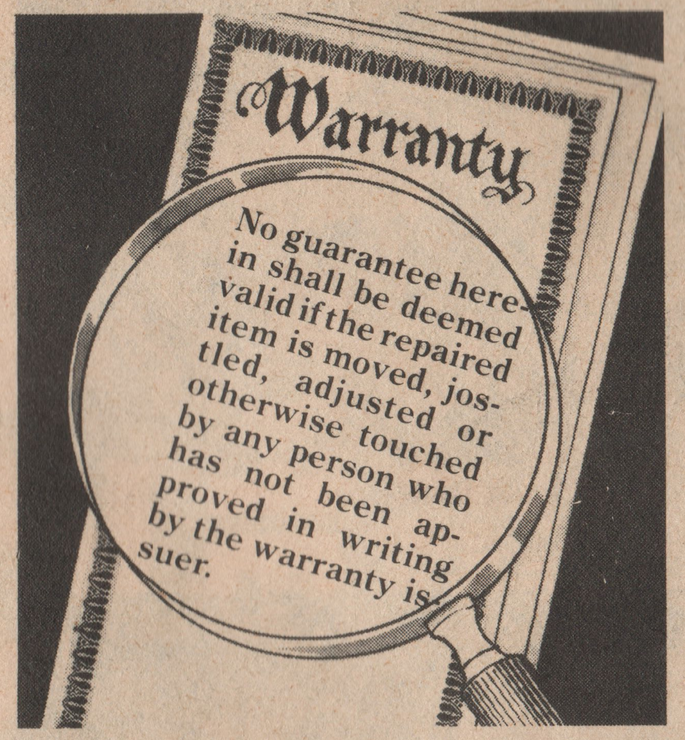
AUTHENTIC LOOKING TRADE PUBLICATION COVERS fit snugly over your copies of Hustler and Penthouse to make waiting customers think you're up to date on all technical data. Durable slip-on phonies include such impressive but non-existent magazines as *The Metric Equivalent Quarterly, Wrench and Ratchet* and *The Midwestern Cam Shafter.*

21217—COVERS FOR COMPLETELY UNCOVERED GIRLIE BOOKS . . . . . $6.50 doz.



NOTHING BEATS PLASTER DUST for making any room look as if you've been doing some sort of vital work in it. We have contracted with a fine old wrecking company in Michigan to buy plaster crumbs from all of the condemned hotels and abandoned Edsel plants that it demolishes. Sprinkle a heaping portion around on your next home repair job, and see how it impresses customers with your work methods.

55286—TRUSTY, DUSTY PLASTER PARTICLES . . . . . $6.25 per 100 lbs.



MEANINGLESS WARRANTY FORMS have been riddled with loopholes to free you from all responsibility for the work you do. Confusing terms printed in microscopic type allow you to surprise customers by charging full price each time you botch up the same job.

31907—WEASLE-WORDED WARRANTIES $11.50 per 100



LET LIFELIKE LEGS quickly convince new customers that your one-man repair shop actually employs a full staff of busily working mechanics. Each set authentically contains a right and left foot in your choice of shoe sizes (4AA to 13EEE) for convincing placement under jacked-up cars, dry-docked boats, damaged sofas, etc.

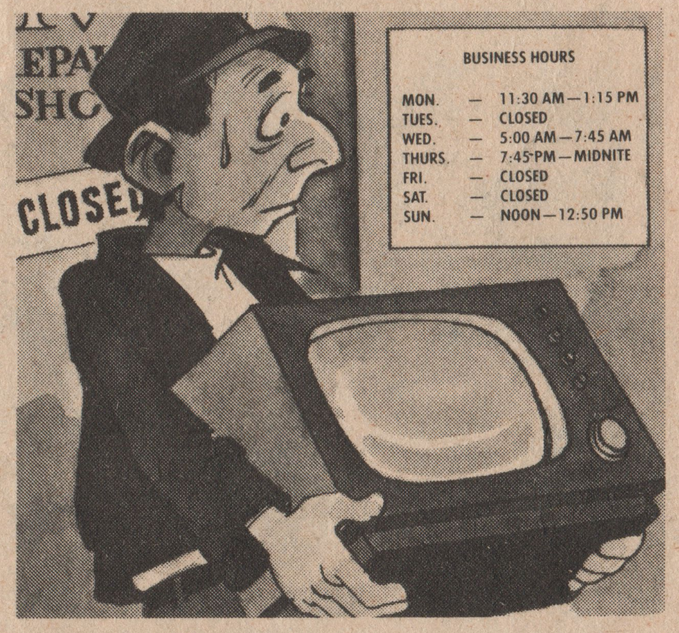
37616—"FANCY FOOTWORK" BRAND MECHANIC'S LEGS . . . . . $46 pair

37617—SAME, BUT WITH GOLD SLAVE BRACELET ON ONE ANKLE . . . . $375 pair



"HOK EY" MOTHER PHOTO works wonders when displayed on work bench or shop wall. Mushy inscription helps wipe out customers' natural fear that you are a slimy, rotten, conniving thief. Woman depicted in handsomely framed photo is a professional model who has been trained to wear the placid smile of one whose children all turned out well.

72781—HELPFUL LITTLE MOTHER PHOTO $11.50



SIGN ANNOUNCING HIGHLY IRREGULAR BUSINESS HOURS can be a source of endless sadistic pleasure as you force pathetic customers to return time after time in hopes of finding your shop open. Ultimately leads to many high cost house calls as appliance owners become incapacitated by hernias from their repeated efforts to bring heavy items to you.

85189—"HOURS OF PLEASURE" BUSINESS SIGN $4.98



BOGUS PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATES can go a long way toward quieting public suspicious about your incompetence. Our impressively framed documents falsely certify that you are a master of your trade who also belongs to a respected professional association, in addition to doing whatever you do by special appointment to Her Majesty, The Queen.

11502—ASSORTED, PURPORTED EXPERT'S CERTIFICATES . . . . . $4.50 ea.



MEANINGLESS MOTTO BUSINESS CARDS help you win confidence of new victims without actually lying. Clever phrasing impresses all with your reliability, but has been cleared by our legal department for safe use by bunko artists, swindlers and even convicted felons still out on bail. Select the motto of your choice below, and send it with name, address and cash for prompt printing service.

22306—MOTTO: "THE SHOP YOU'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER" . . . . . $12 per 500

22307—MOTTO: "WHEN YOU WANT DONE WHAT WE DO" . . . . . $13 per 500

22308—MOTTO: "THE HOME OF INCREDIBLE SERVICE" . . . . . $14 per 500



"SOUNDS OF WORK" TAPE CASSETTE discourages customers from bothering busy shop personnel during lunch hours, coffee breaks, nap periods, card games, etc. Realistic recording provides two full hours of industrial clatter that sounds for all the world like frantic activity in your back room work area. Let it play from morning 'til night. You'll be pleased with the results.

55342—RECORDED RESOUNDING RACKET $6.79

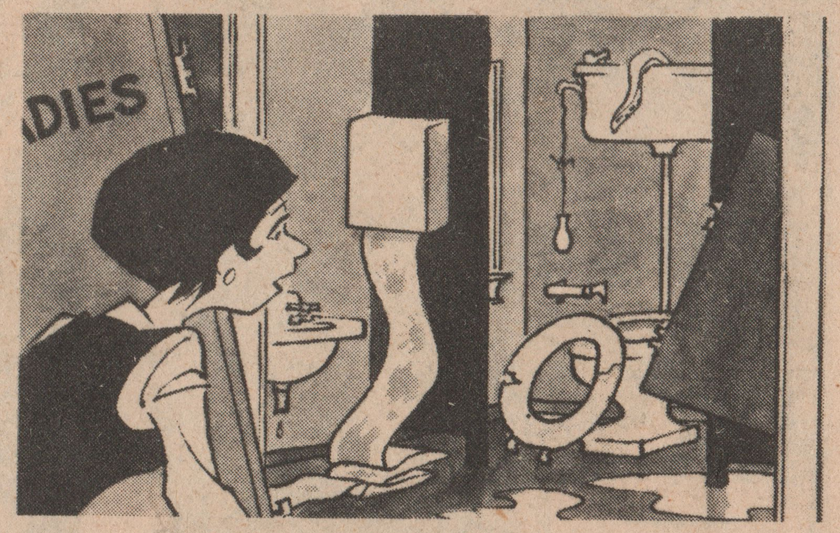
RETURNING WORN-OUT PARTS TO CUSTOMERS does much to convince them that you installed needed replacements, even though you probably didn't. Let us help you with this ticklish problem by offering our full line of worn-out, grease-coated junk. All items have been bent and pounded by hand to make them pass for whatever auto, TV or home appliance part you claim you replaced.

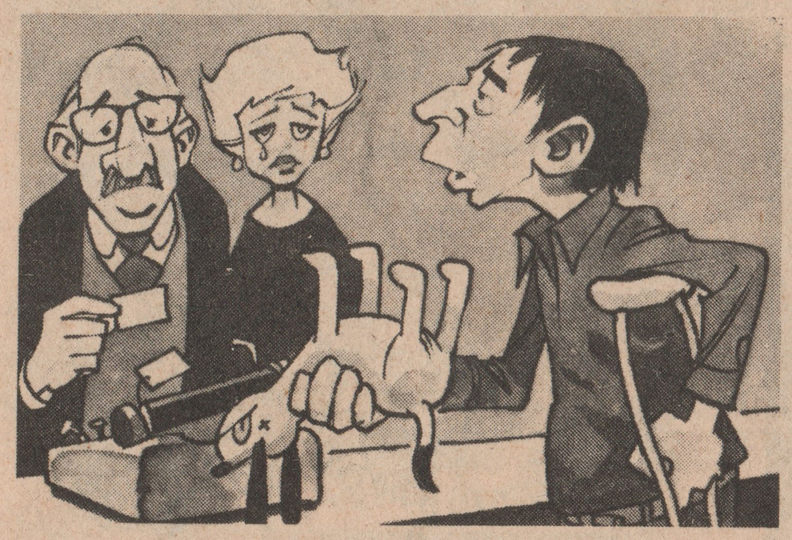
20933—MUDDY, CRUDDY, GREASY, SLEEZY JUNK PARTS . . . . . 69¢ lb.



FANTASTIC KIT LETS YOU FILTHY UP YOUR REST ROOM so customers will be forced to go home and use their own plumbing facilities. Scheme cleverly prevents clients from hanging around to see how little work you do. Kit includes door hinge remover, grimy roller towel, two broken faucets (both marked COLD), cracked "Instant Agony" toilet seat and quart-size jar of flies.

87836—RAUNCHY REST ROOM KIT $67.88



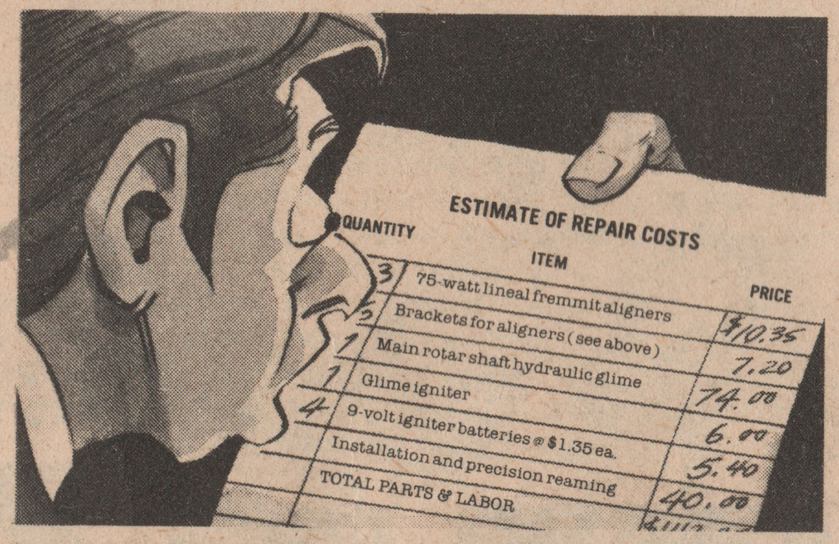


SAD STORY SUPPLY KIT offers every prop you'll need to win sympathy from all, despite your sloppy work. Includes crutches, arm sling, artificial dead dog, photos of sick baby, etc., designed to convince even your most irate victims that you've had a terrible day and shouldn't be yelled at. Many kit users report a 50% drop in their hassles with the Better Business Bureau.

76255—PROFITABLE, PITIFUL PROP KIT $36.00

"DOUBLE TALK" WORK ESTIMATE SHEETS quickly stifle complaints from cheated laymen who hate to admit that they don't understand technical terms. Pre-written forms also boost profits by allowing you to charge for non-existent parts. Terminology has been professionally garbled to permit use in any type of repair shop with never a fear of detection.

31727—CHEAP ESTIMATE SHEETS FOR EXPENSIVE REPAIRS $12 per 100





HIGH QUALITY AM/FM RADIO LOOKS LIKE A TELEPHONE! Lets you enjoy your favorite music, news or sports programs through earpiece while impatient customers assume you're transacting important business. Comes with hidden floor button that enables you to ring authentic sounding phone bell the instant you spot an irate patron entering your shop.

21055—PHONY PHONE . . . $58.25

SCIENTIFICALLY PRE-DIRTIED UNIFORM quickly convinces potential clients that you are a hard worker who's not afraid to tackle messy jobs. Black smudges are woven into the fabric to end periodic nuisance of rolling on a greasy floor to make coveralls look grimy enough. Best of all, simulated dirt won't rub off on bed sheets during your afternoon nap.

84157—CRUD-COVERED COVERALLS . . . . . $11.50 pr.
(Specify Size Desired:
Small, Medium, Large or Grotesque)





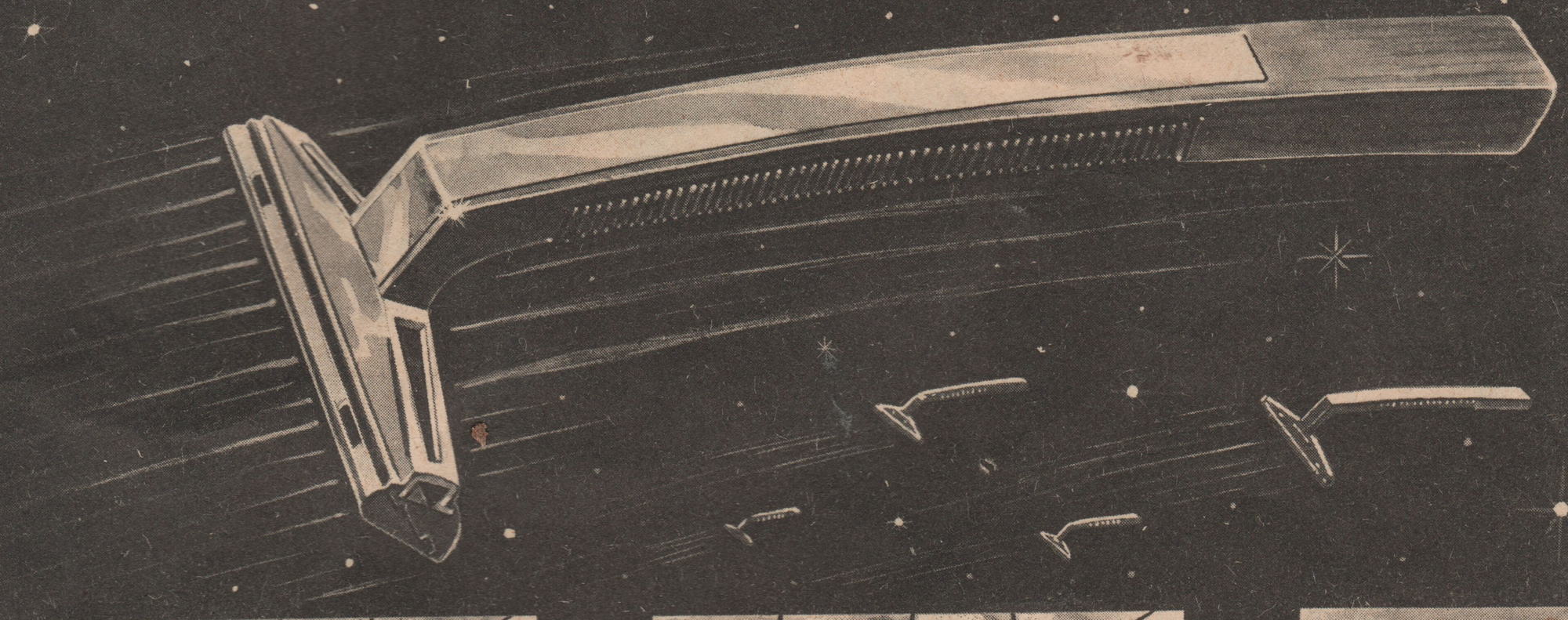
COMPLEX SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS are proven winners in your battle to turn minor appliance problems into major repair jobs. These bewildering beauties are really government surplus drawings of the electrical system at Grand Coulee Dam. But just watch your confused customers take the bait when you claim they picture the insides of a trash smasher, a crock pot or even an early model water bed.

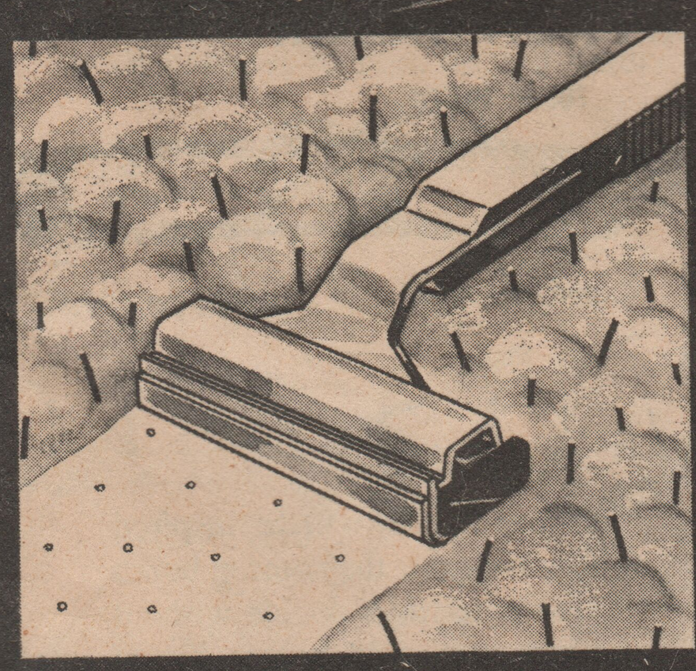
70895—SLY SCHEMERS' SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS . . . . . $2.50 ea.

WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHAVE DEPT.

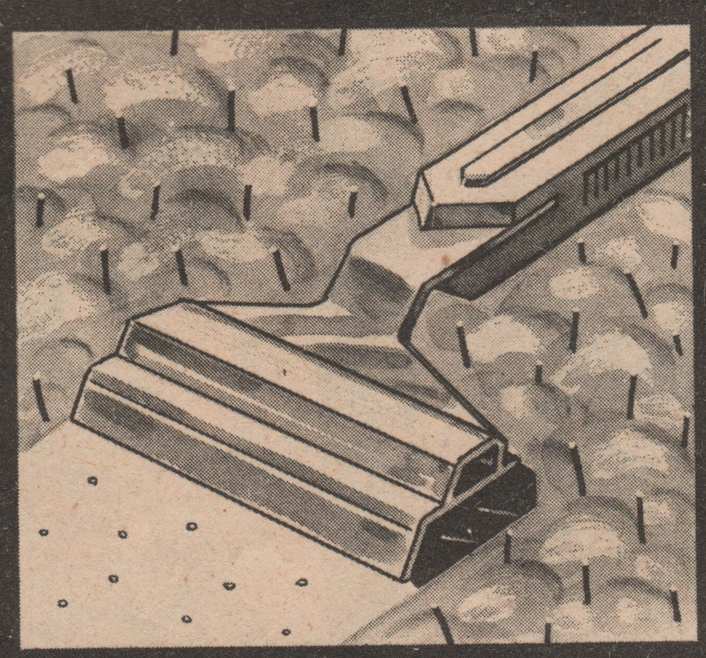
Since the dawn of time, men have been trying to get rid of their unwanted face hair. The only purpose the fuzz seemed to serve was to house insects, obscure vision, and keep track of food eaten by gathering samples of it. When the use of tools was discovered, one of their first applications was the removal of that bothersome beaver. Though crude at first, shaving instruments evolved through the ages until a major breakthrough was made: the invention of the standard safety razor. But this little marvel was so good, it almost ruined the shaving industry. It never broke down, it never needed replacing and it was handed down from father to son. The business looked dead until some genius decided to make razors the way other successful products are made: gimmicky and lousy! First they fooled around with the blades: Blades were made with chromium, platinum, tungsten and teflon, to name a few. Then they started fooling around with the razors themselves: Injector systems, double-bladed heads, swivel heads, etc. Just when you thought they couldn't possibly come up with one more "innovation," another popped up. So now, there's a new, flashier model every few months that makes the old one seem obsolete. And, cleverly, the new blade head won't fit the old handles. So where will it all end? It won't! MAD now projects some future products we're sure to see as we're hurtled deeper and deeper out into

THE SPACE AGE RAZOR RACE

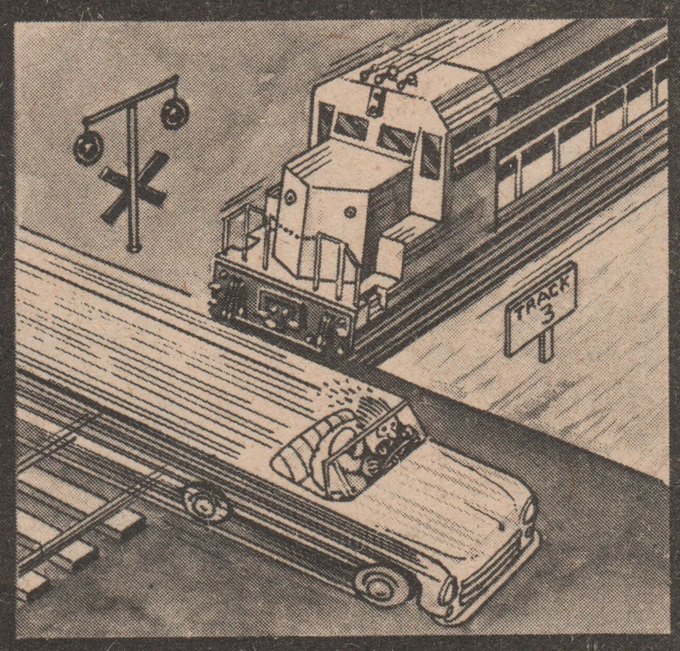




TRAC I
a very close shave



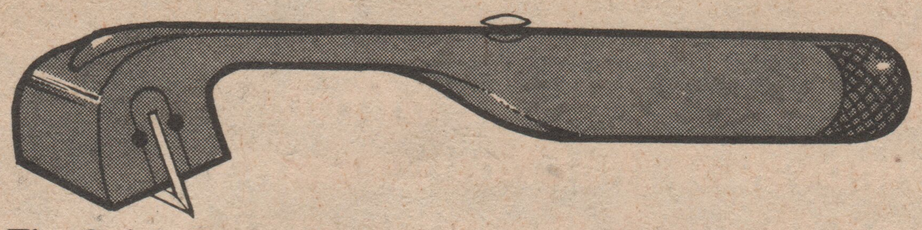
TRAC II
a truly close shave



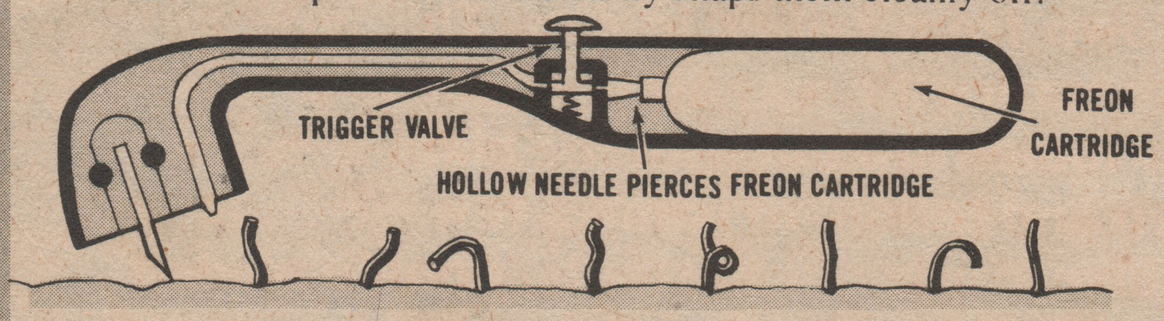
TRAC III
a terrifyingly close shave

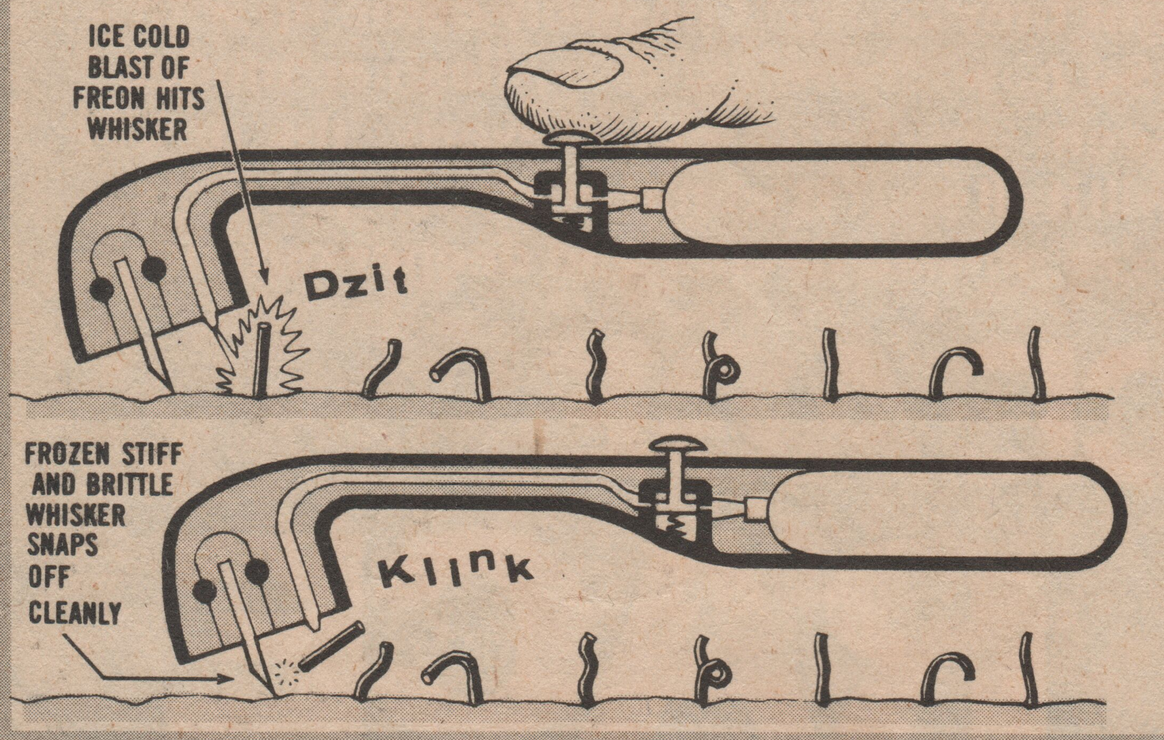
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE IDEA BY: JOHN WICK

THE QUICK-FREEZE RAZOR

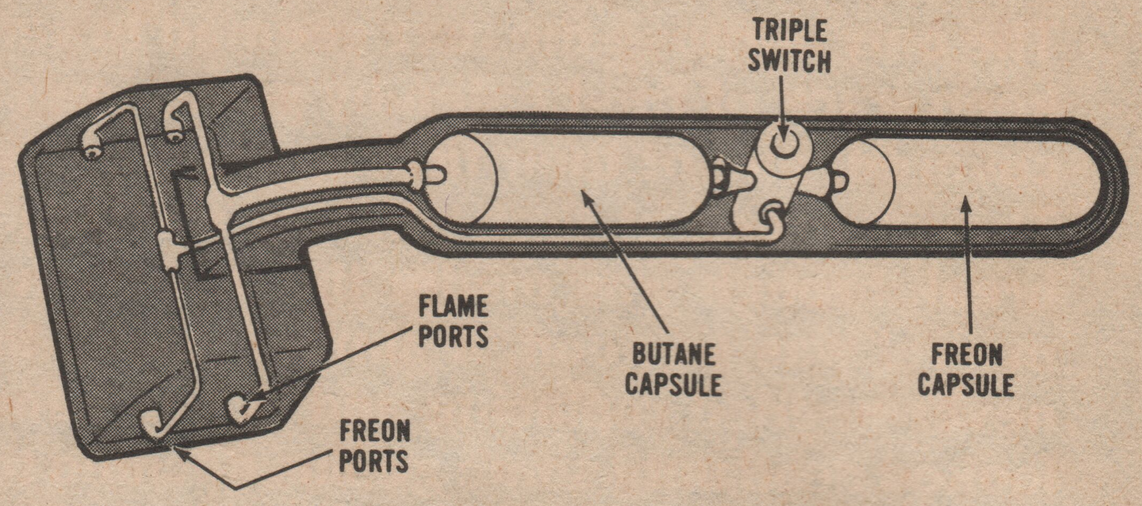


The Quick-Freeze Razor will be a simple but efficient instrument. A replaceable freon cartridge directs a blast of frigid air at beard. As whiskers freeze solid and brittle, an ice scraper follows and easily snaps them cleanly off.

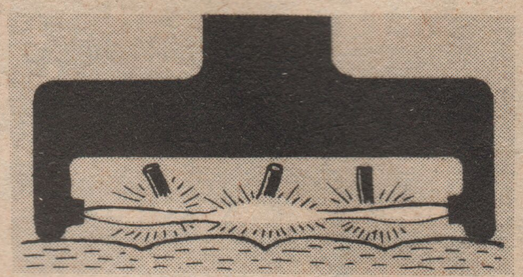




THE FLAME-THROWER RAZOR

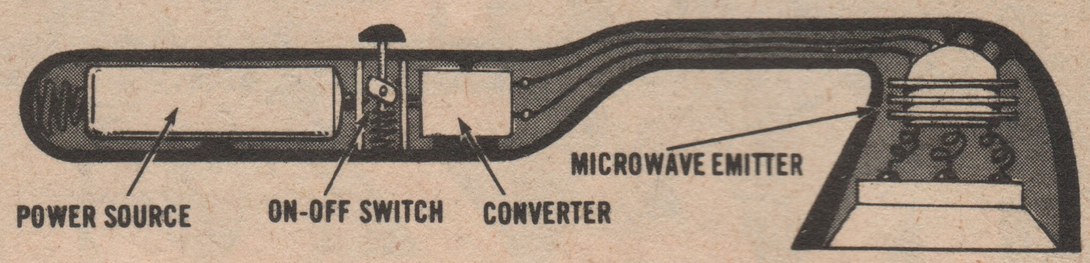


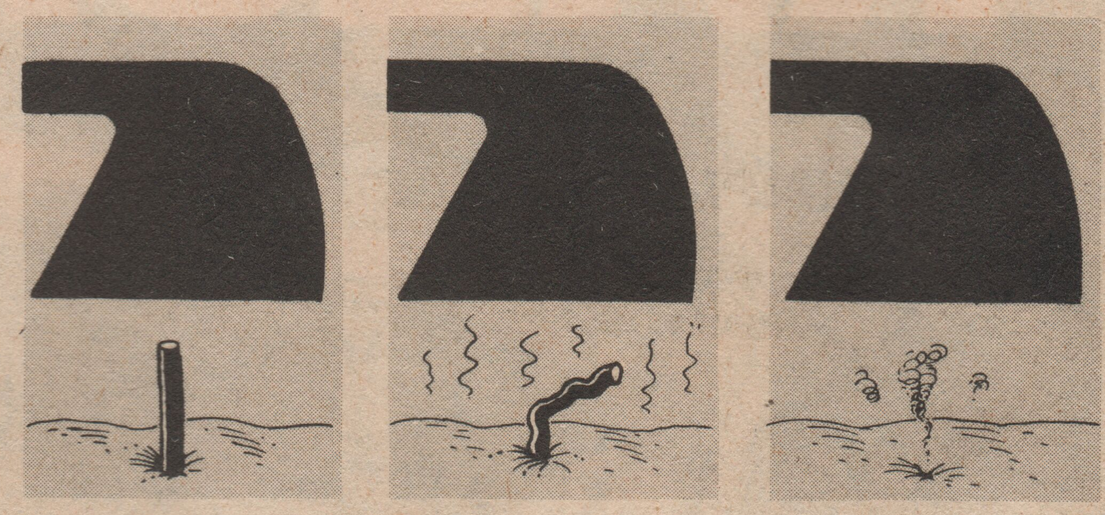
Depressing the trigger switch causes three things to happen simultaneously: (**1**) It releases butane gas. (**2**) It ignites the gas, which shoots out flames to sear off whiskers. And (**3**) Ice cold freon gas is then released which neutralizes the pain of your scorched and burning face.



FRONT VIEW OF FLAME-THROWER RAZOR ON SEARCH-AND-DESTROY MISSION OVER A TOUGH BEARD

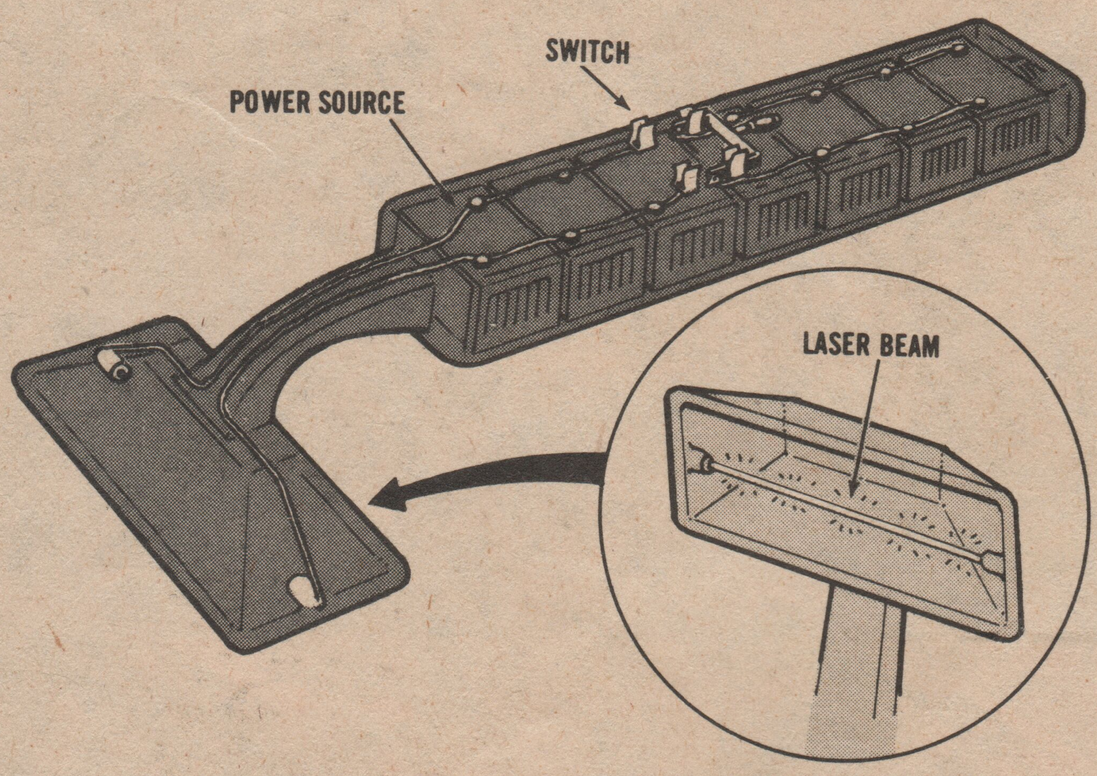
THE MICROWAVE RAZOR



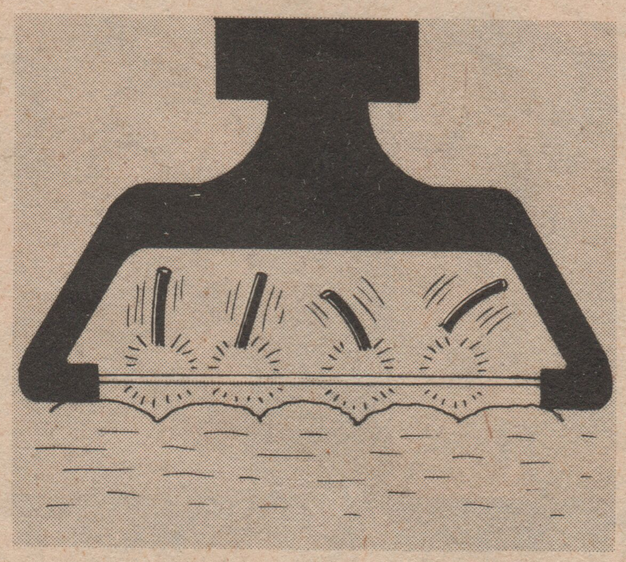


When the Microwave Razor is drawn across whiskers, a high-frequency electromagnetic ray instantly withers hairs and reduces them to ash. Ash is then easily brushed from face.

THE LASER RAZOR

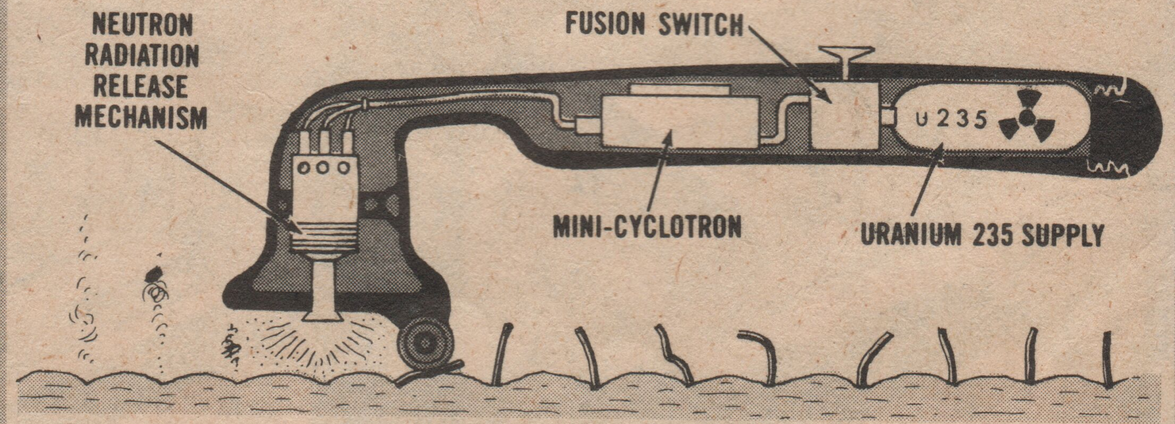


The efficiency of the laser beam is familiar to anyone who has ever seen one pierce an army tank or melt a concrete wall or open a sardine can without a key. By applying the laser beam principle to a shaving implement . . . even the mightiest and toughest beard will easily fall.



LASER BEAM RAZOR SLICES WHISKERS WITH EASE, PRECISION AND COMFORT

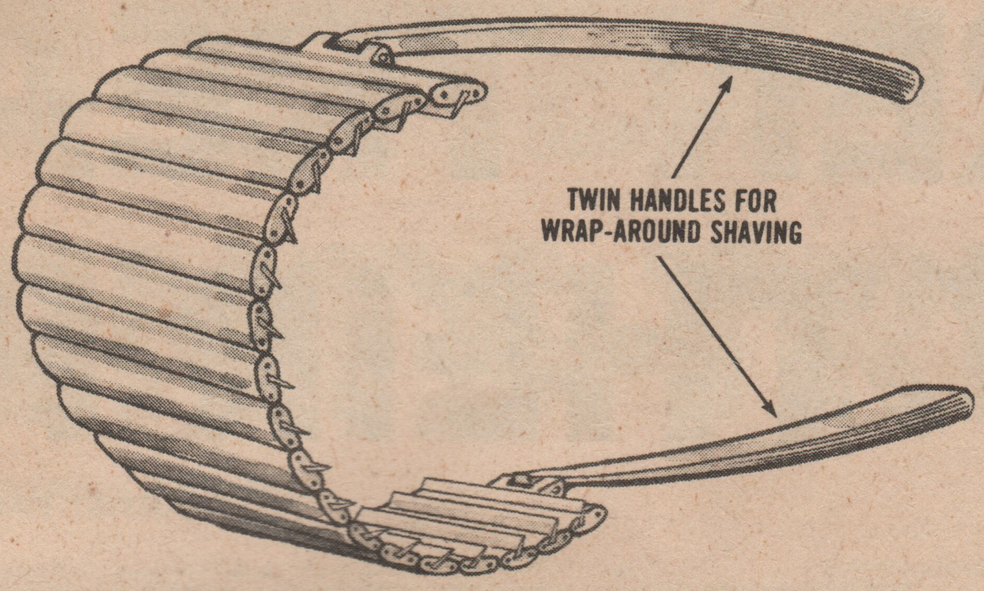
THE NEUTRON RAZOR



The ultimate shaver of the space age, it will be inspired by that wonderful new military weapon, the neutron bomb —whose claim to glory is that it destroys people without harming buildings. This unique razor will be capable of generating neutron radiation. As it passes over beard, it blasts each hair with miniscule radiation, and—like the great neutron bomb—kills whiskers but doesn't harm face.

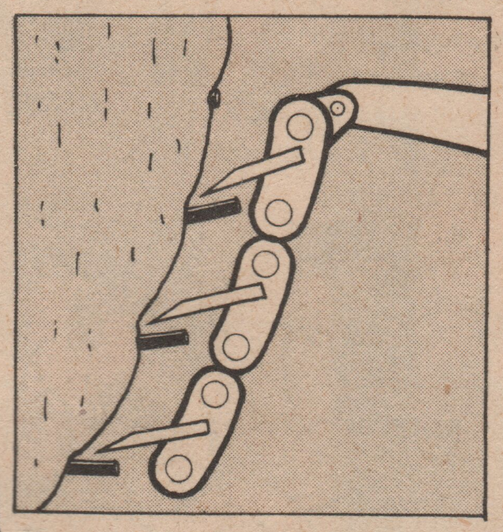
Al Jaffee

THE TRAC LXXVI RAZOR



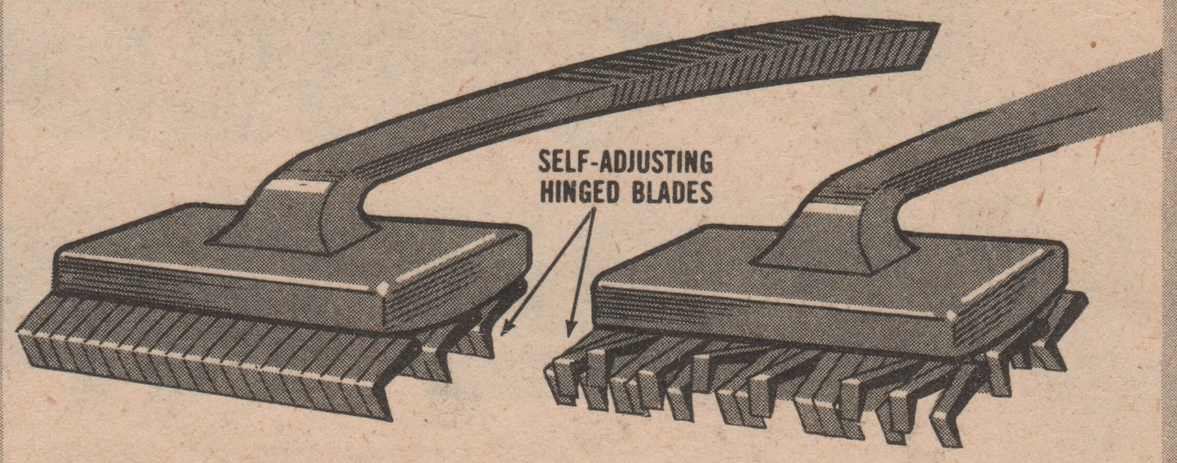
The Trac LXXVI razor will have seventy-six cutting edges on a flexible head that will wrap around an entire face and shave it close and clean in two or three effortless moves.



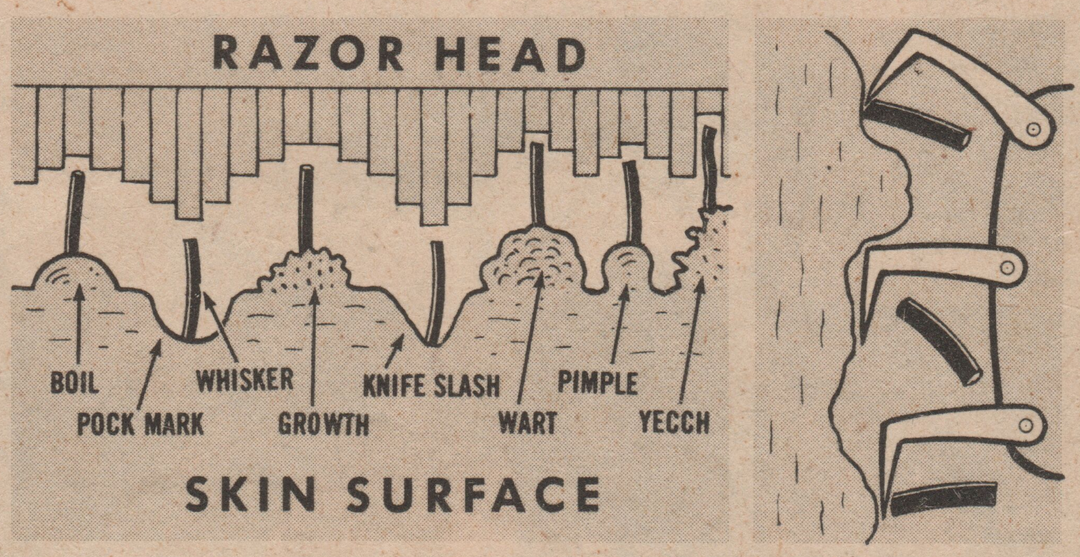


EACH TRAC LXXVI BLADE ENGAGES
ITS OWN SEPARATE WHISKER HAIR

THE MULTIBLADE RAZOR

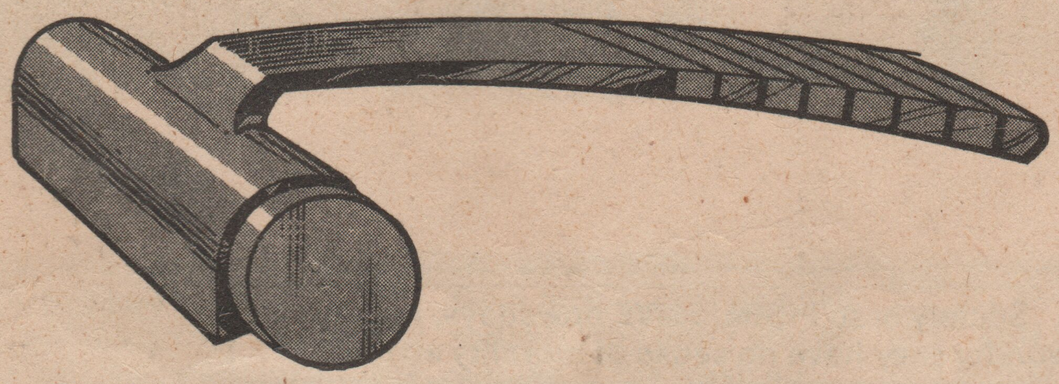


The Multiblade Razor will be created especially for people with special skin problems. Anyone who's ever shaved with an ordinary razor and lopped off pimples, boils and other parts of their uneven face will welcome it. Dozens of tiny hinged blades adjust themselves to user's craggy, bumpy face.

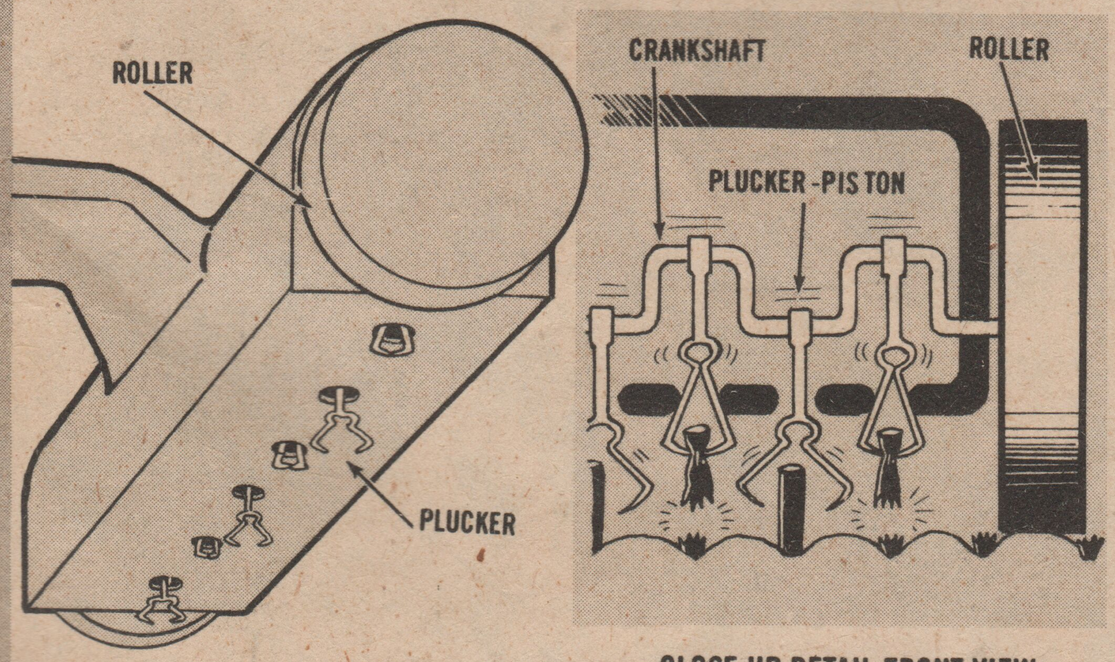


FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS OF UNEVEN SKIN SURFACES SHOWING
HOW SELF-ADJUSTING BLADES HANDLE THESE TOUGH PROBLEMS

THE SIMPLE PLUCKER-I RAZOR

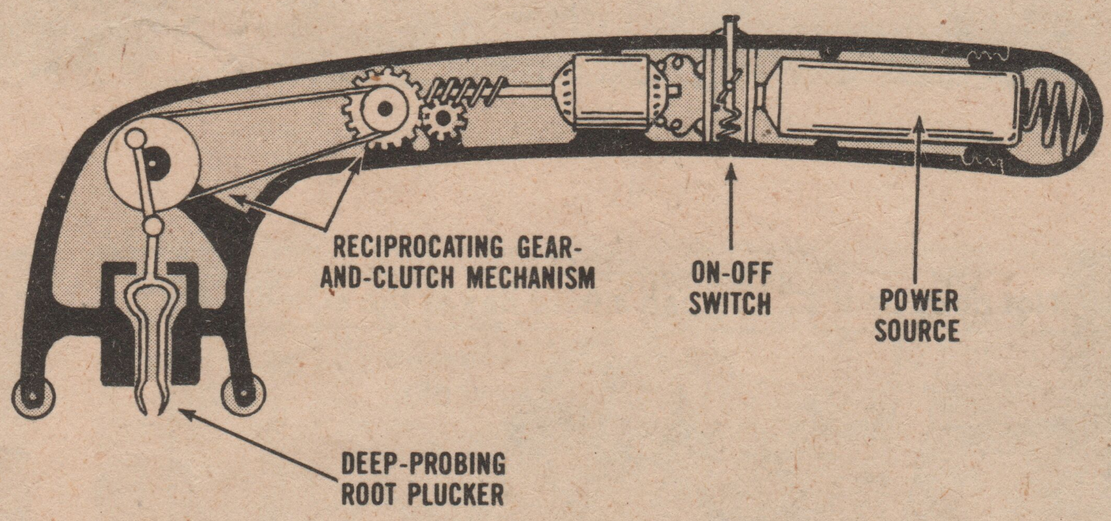


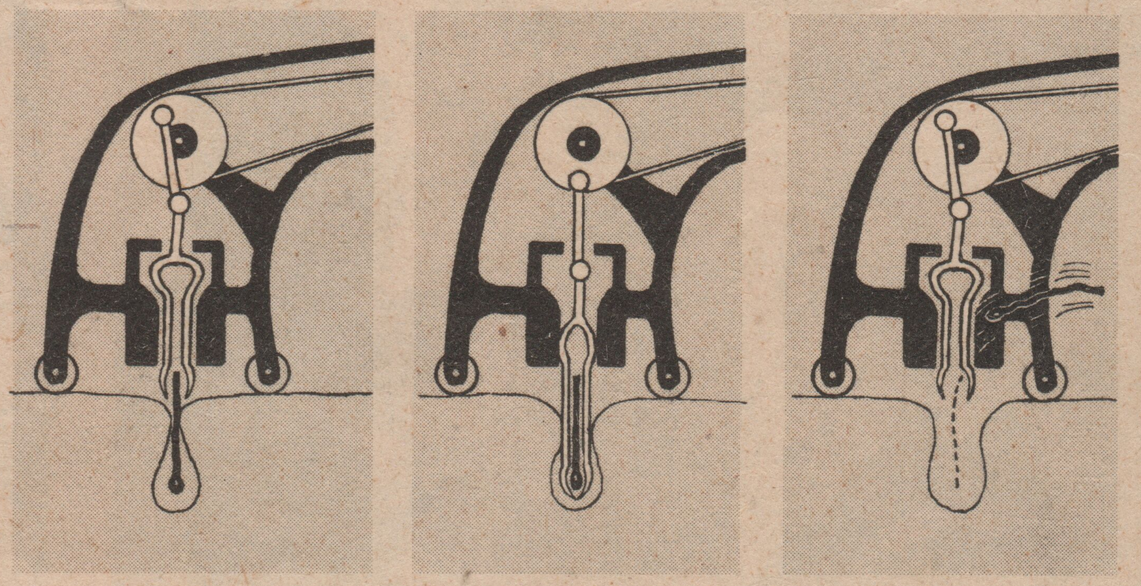
The Simple Plucker-I Razor is activated by rollers attached to a crankshaft. As rollers move across face, the crankshaft causes pluckers to go up and down, making plucking movements. When plucker encounters hair, it is firmly gripped and plucked. User may notice slight twinges of pain at first, but it all happens so fast, he will hardly notice it after a while.



CLOSE UP DETAIL FRONT VIEW
OF HAIR-PLUCKERS IN ACTION

THE PERMANENT PLUCKER-II RAZOR





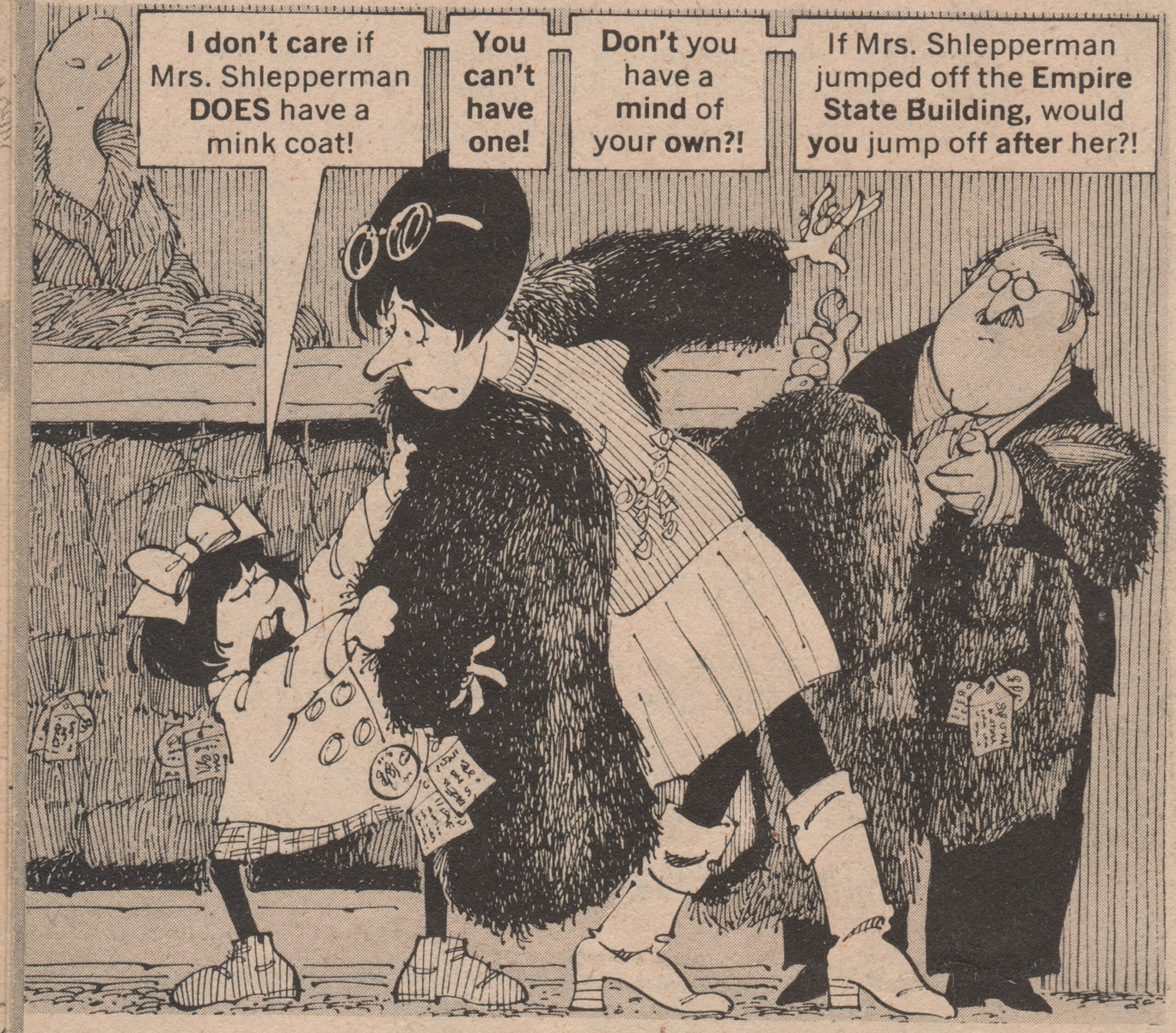
As razor head is drawn over beard, plucker moves rapidly up and down until it comes to a whisker hole. When this happens, plucker goes down to whisker root and yanks it out, completely eliminating the need to ever shave again.

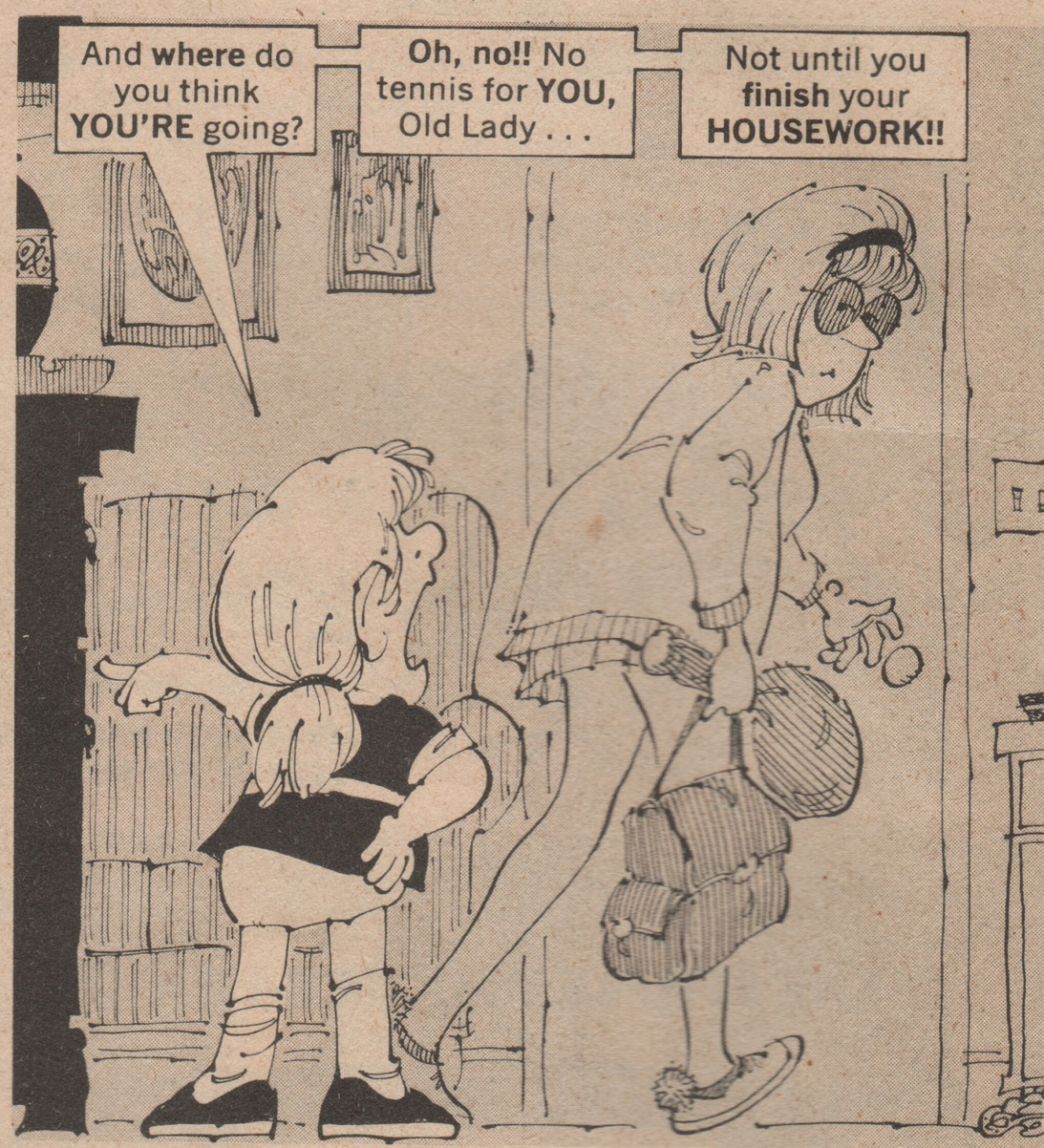
UPSETTING THE SCOLD STANDARD DEPT.

IF CHILDREN TREAT
THE WAY THEIR PA



ARTIST: PAUL COKE







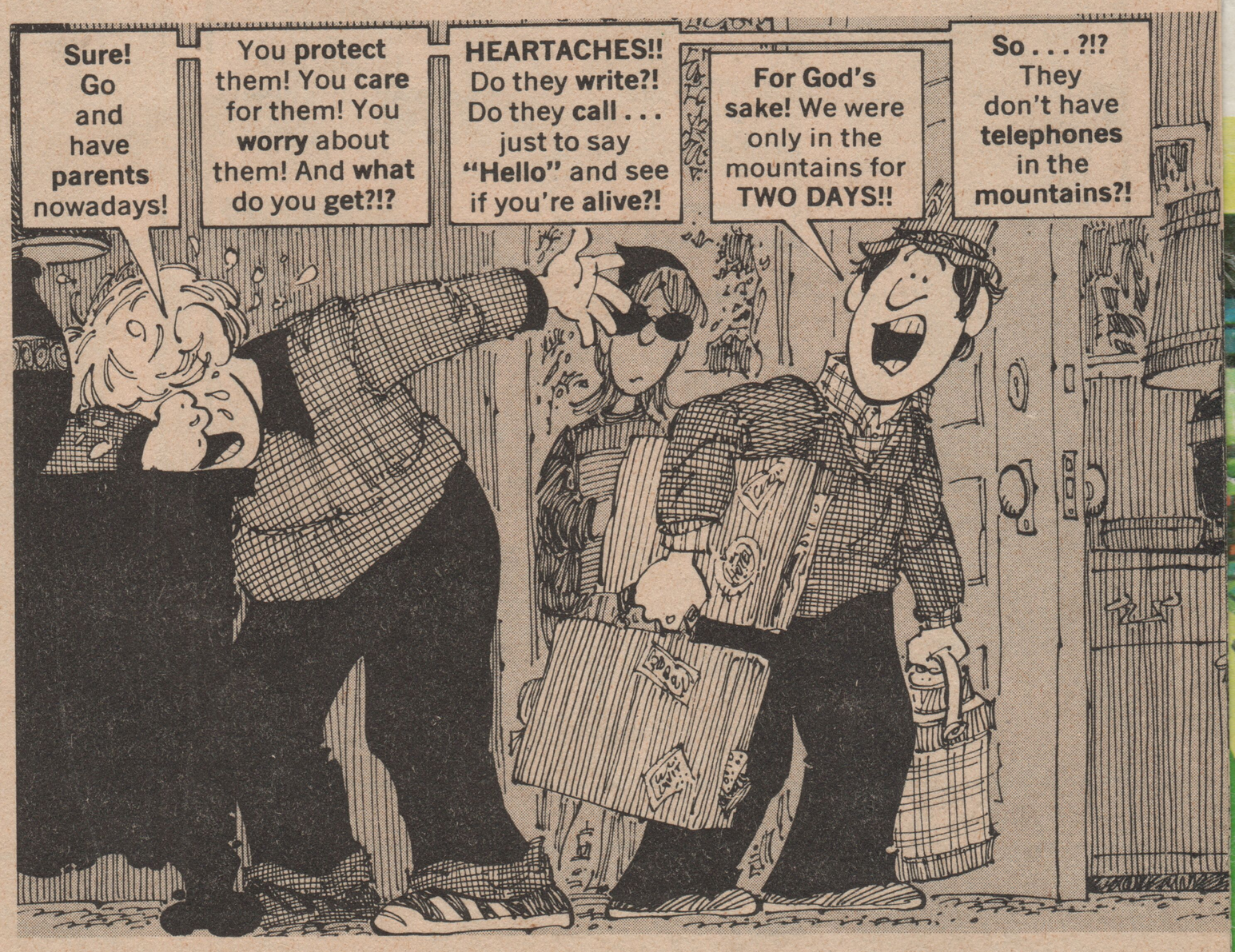


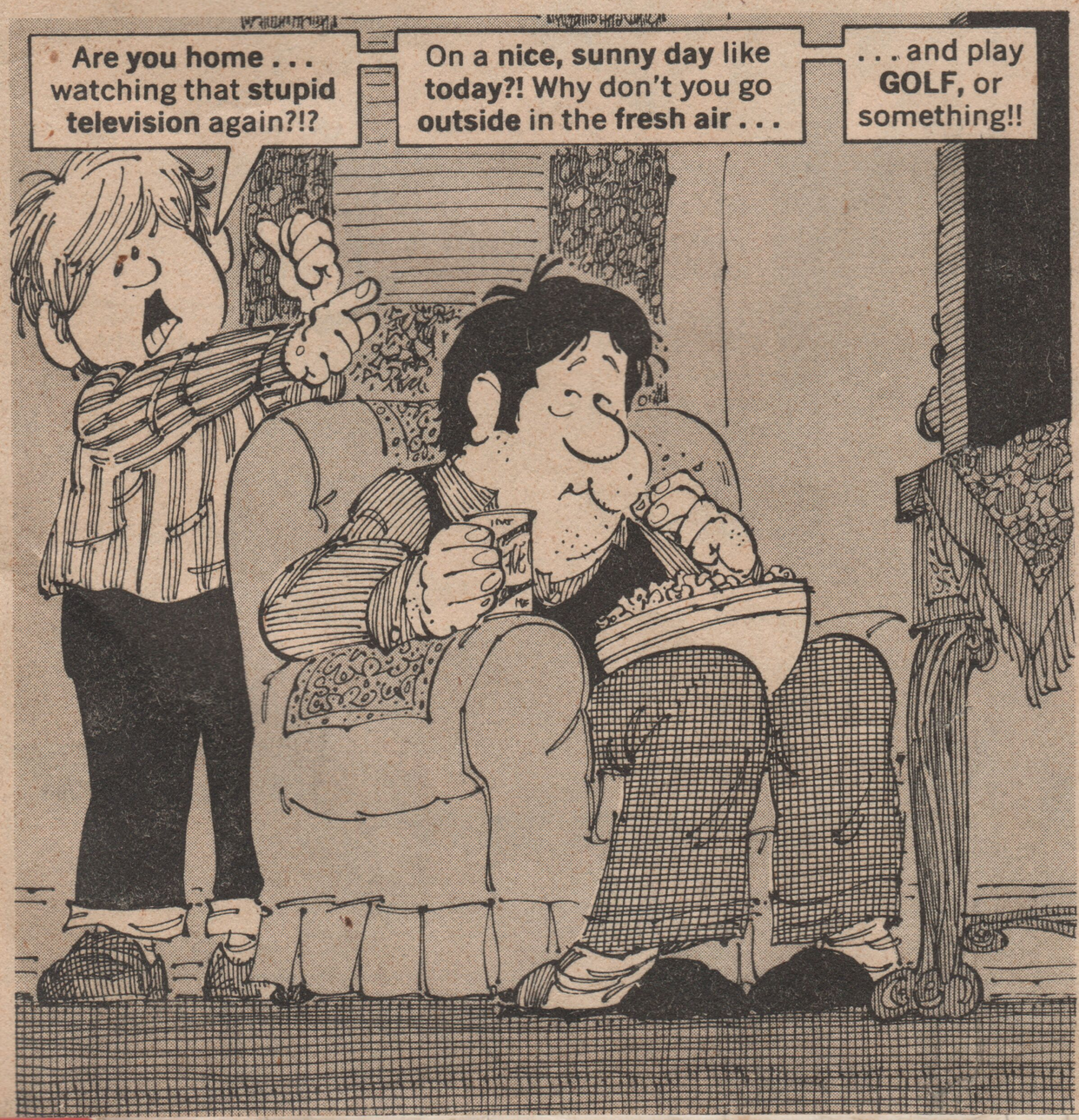


ED THEIR PARENTS RENTS TREAT THEM

WRITER: BARRY LIEBMANN



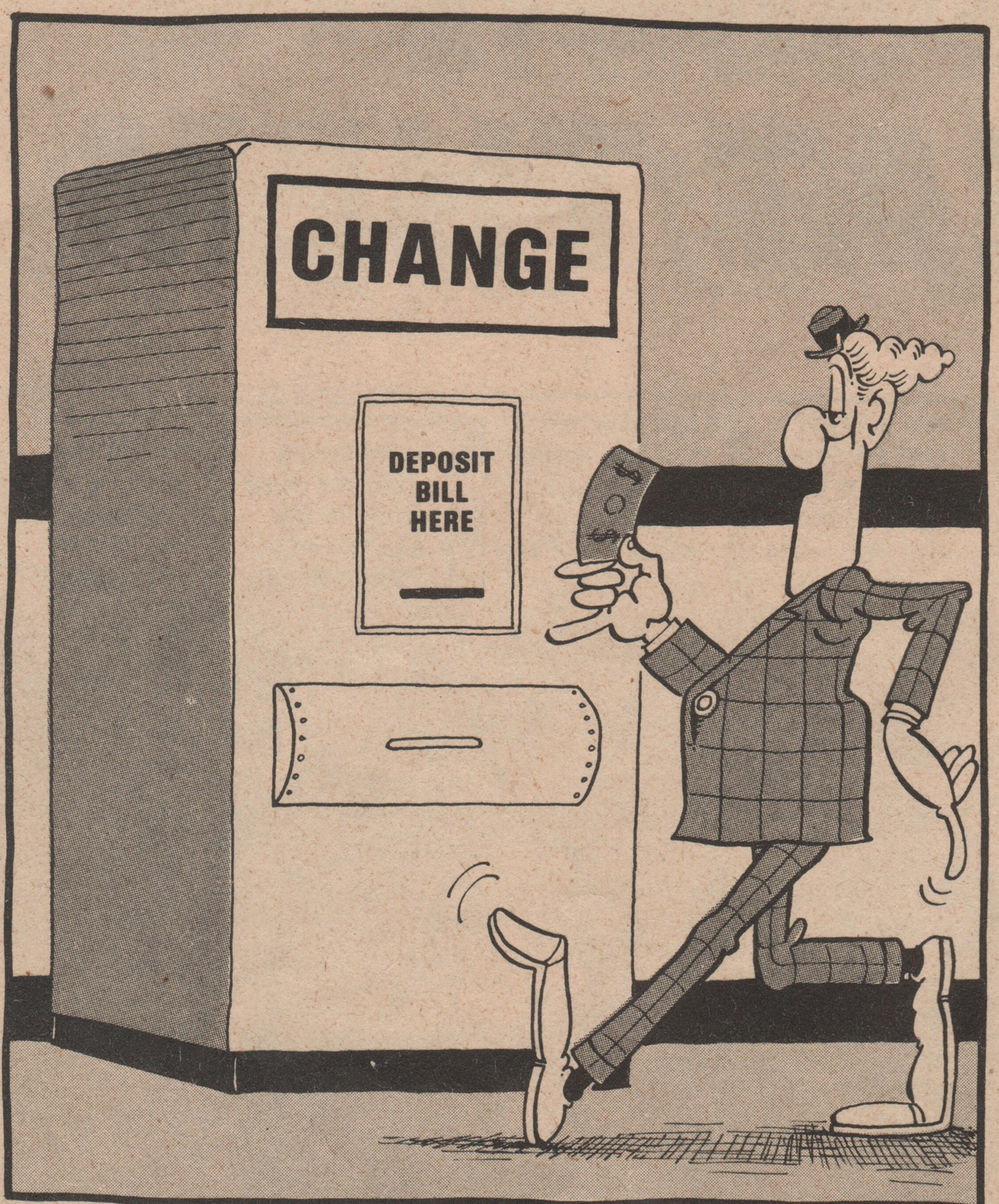


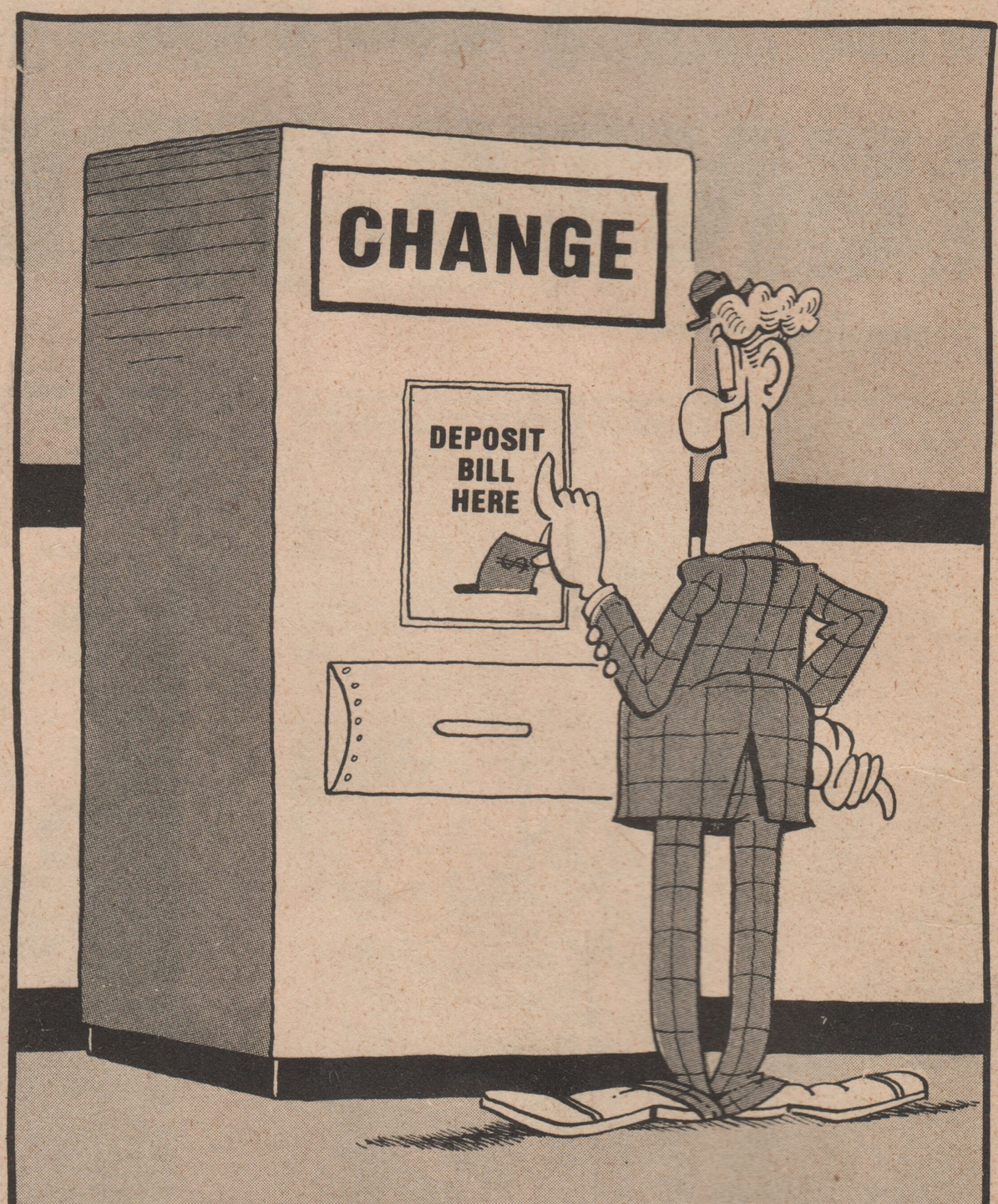


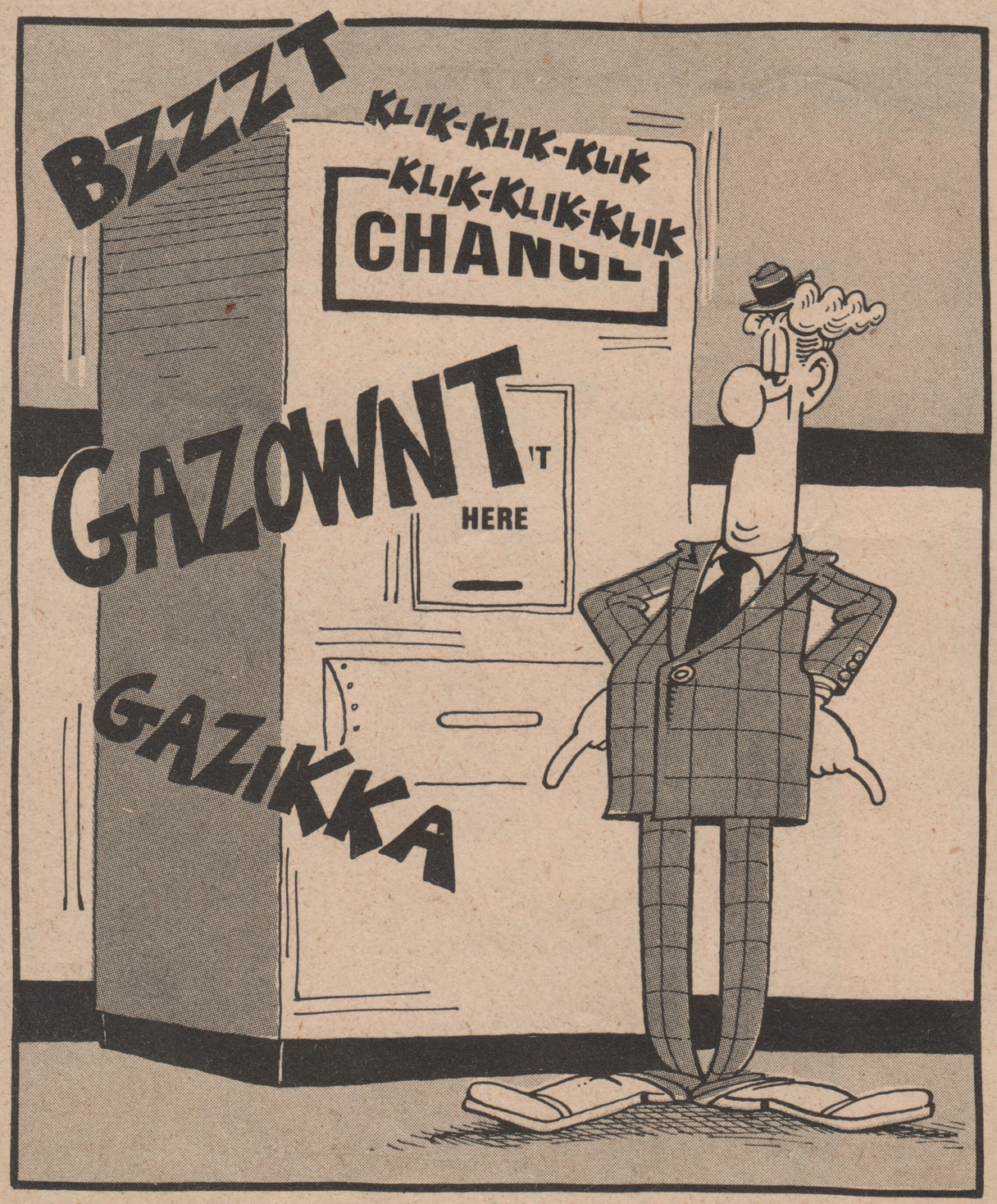


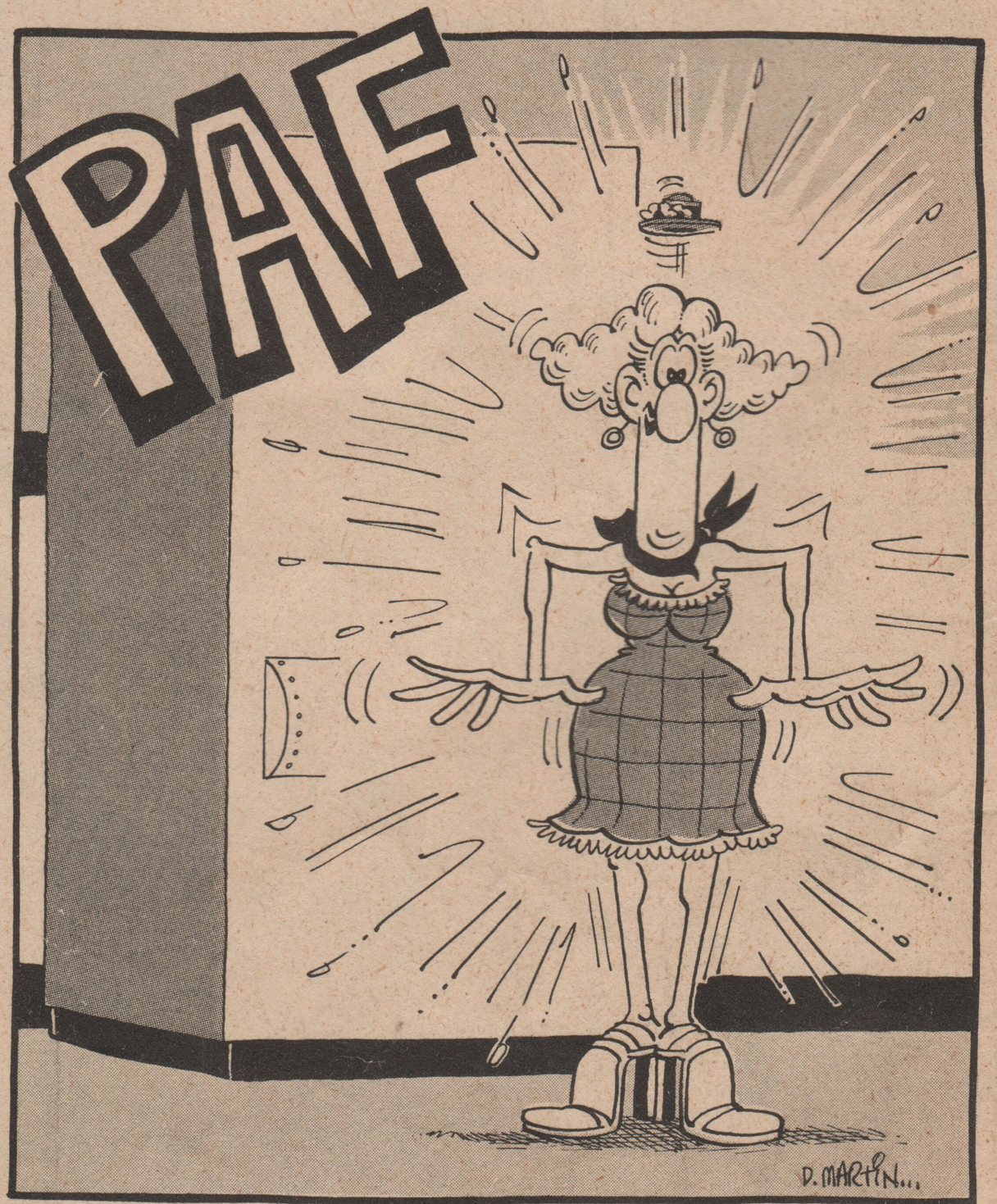
DON MARTIN DEPT.

ONE NIGHT IN THE MIAMI BUS TERMINAL









WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

And now for MAD's version of the weekly TV series about a space ship hurtling through space . . . a space ship jam-packed with hundreds of people . . . a space ship named . . .

CATTLE CAR GALAXICA

Attention! All engines ahead one Frisbee...

But, Sir! The Bluestar Search Team hasn't returned yet! The Command Center shows them still one Megaphone away!

We must move on! I gave them six Scopes to complete their mission, and they're four Listerines overdue already! Now do as I say!

But, Sir! Your Son is in one of those Bluestars!

Very well! Try to contact him with the High Band Microwave Scanner...

We tried that, Sir! Nothing!

Then see if you can bounce a Secondary Pulsar Beam into the void in order to detect his ship!

Sorry, Sir! We tried that, too! Nothing!

Then there's only one thing left for us to do...!

Has anybody tried looking out the window?

ZILCH

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

What time is it?

It's two Tacos past a Burrito! We're very late getting back!

I just want to go a TINY BIT further!

Oh? How MUCH further?

Just far enough to get lost... crash-land... and start this week's ridiculous adventure!

Y'know, some people say that when we crash-land on these various planets, we use them as springboards to steal the plots of famous movies!

Ridiculous! Now, which one of these planets do you want to crash-land on this week: The Planet Of The Apes? The Bounty? The Dirty Dozen? The Towering Inferno? The Poseidon?

Two Colonial Vipers are over-flying us, oh, wise Baldstar! What should we do...?!?

Turn on the Atomic CuisinArt! It'll make mince meat out of their Pulsar Signals! They'll be forced to land!

And if that doesn't work?

Light up the sign that says, "FREE FUEL / EATS / BINGO AMAZON GO-GO DANCERS"

That gets 'em every time!

What goes with you, Appalling? You crash-landed again!

What do you mean, "again"?

You crash-landed last week! Remember?

Oh, no, Starbuff! YOU crash-landed last week! We take turns, remember? We alternate on "THE CRASH OF THE WEEK"!

Commander, I want permission to take a Viper Fighter and go out and look for Starbuff and Appalling!

A Viper Fighter is a very complex machine, Athinner!

What experience have you had!

I've spent many a night in the Simulator!

And...??

And ENOUGH with the SIMULATOR, already!! I want to go out and find me a REAL LIVE MAN!!

FAIR WARM 73°

Command Central to Viper Fighter! You know the procedure, right? You take off . . . come back . . . land . . . take off . . . come back . . . land . . . take off . . .

I know! But WHY so many times?

Viper Fighters taking off is the most expensive piece of special effects film we've got... so we have to show it as often as we can to make it pay!

NO SPITTING

VROOOMM!

That girl's got a lot of guts!

She's also got a great set of thrusters!

Let's see...there's the Pulsar Screen ...and it's got some "X's" on it? I— I think I'm supposed to put some "O's" on it, and see if I can get three of my "O's" in a row before they can get three of their "X's" in a row! Boy... war is more fun than I ever thought!!

I can't believe what we've stumbled across! The stuff in these drums is the very lifeblood of the Cyclones!

What is it? Liquid Protein?

No, Chrome Polish! Without this stuff, the Cyclones would rust to death in less than fifteen Crépe Suzettes!

Let's **blow up** the **entire stockpile!**

But if we **attract attention,** the Cyclones are sure to **capture** us!

Not with **this** in my hand... the **ultimate Cyclone deterrent!**

Is that a **Quartz Modular Pistol??**

More potent than **that!**

It's a **Portable Electric Can Opener!**

BOOM

Well!... To borrow a joke from the second millenium!... **That "polishes them off"!** Let's **fly away** from here **pronto,** Buddy!

Fly away?! Hey, you **forget!** My **fighter** is **wrecked!**

I know that! But would **I** leave my **Buddy behind?!**

Let's go...

Hmmmm! I think Starbuff just invented **"No Frills" Viper Flights!!**

Excuse me, Most Highly Exalted Ruler of all the Universe, Most Noble Emperor of Outer Space, Most Stupendous—

Lucite... I **DO WISH** you would **learn** to show me some **RESPECT!** Now, **what IS it?**

The two Colonial warriors have **escaped!**

ESCAPED!?! Didn't I give you specific orders to **SNEAK UP on them?!?**

Do you know how **hard** it is for 400 soldiers made of **tin**—with **pin-ball machines** for **heads**—to **"sneak up"** on **anything?!**

Well, if we didn't get them on **LAND,** we'll get them in **SPACE!**

We are taking steps to **do** that, Sir! We have sighted **TWO** Colonial Vipers on our scanners! **One** is being flown by a **beautiful, sexy FEMALE pilot** ...and the **other** is being flown by a **beautiful, sexy MALE pilot!**

EVERY-BODY turns you **AC/DC Robots on,** eh?

Colonial Viper up ahead— **come in,** please! **Identify** yourself! **Identify** yourself!

It's **Athinner!** I came out to **find** you guys!

But what do **you** know about flying **compli-cated Viper Fighters...?**

It **wasn't easy!** But I **taught myself** to push the **"Automatic Take-Off"** button, flip on the **"Automatic Flight"** switch and tune in the **"Automatic Search and Rescue"** control system!

Gee, Athinner, you're a **regular female genius!!**

That's **right!** I don't like to **brag,** but **I graduated** at the **top** of my **class!**

I'll bet the **others** were **really jealous!**

WHAT others?!?

Oh-oh! Starbuff...!

What **is** it, Athinner...?

I'm getting **NAUSEOUS!** What'll I **do?**

Push the **"Automatic Air Sickness"** button! It'll **automatically barf** for you!

Oh-oh! Son-of-a-bilge! My **Warning Farknell** just went crazy! Let's see what the **read-out** says...

CYCLONE SHIPS ATTACKING

PLOT THICKENS

GOOD TIME TO BREAK FOR A COMMERCIAL

Here come the **Cyclones!!** Let's **defend** ourselves!!

Starbuff! Something very **STRANGE** just happened! I fired **ONE Zucchini missile,** and **FOUR Cyclone Raider Ships exploded into bits!**

That's because our **missiles** are **armed** with **deadly "Hollywood Movie Logic"!** It's a highly advanced form of the **same** "Logic" that lets **ONE Cowboy bullet kill TWENTY Indians!**

This is the part of the show that the viewers **really turn on to**... the **fantastic space battles!** Let me pick out some **stunning effects** for them...

BLUE ROCKETS THAT LEAVE SILVERY FRINGED TRAILS

RED BOMBS WITH EXPLODING "ROMAN CANDLE" EFFECTS

RAINBOW "STARBURSTER" FLAMING TRACER BULLETS

ASSORTED ATOMIC BLASTS SYNCHRONIZED TO MUSIC

We-are-doing-badly....Colonial-warriors-are-beating-us-in-all-areas...Aptness-of-thought...Color...Explosive-Displays...Originality...Tracer-patterns...I-suggest-we-retreat...!!

The Cyclones are **turning back!**

No one is better at the "art" of war than **we** are!

Just **look** at this **gorgeous sky...!!**

Why-is-it-that-we-hardly-ever-score-a-direct-hit-on-a-Colonial-Viper?!?

How-can-we-do-any-better-with-only-one-red-eye-that-keeps-on-bouncing-back-and-forth-across-our-face-like-a-ping-pong-ball?



Commander, our **Sky Scanner** is picking up **signals** from our **Vipers!** They're having a **dog-fight** with the **Cyclones!**

Gran'pa . . . if they're having a **dog-fight,** can I send **Moxie** in to **help?**

You're **so precious,** Barfy! Every week, you say some **innocent, endearing thing** that makes me long for the **ultimate destruction of all life on this ship!!**

By the way, Barfy! Your **dog** had an **"accident"** in my **sleep bay!**

But **that's impossible!** Moxie is a **ROBOT!**

I **know!** I found a **big, smelly pile** of **nuts** and **bolts** on my blanket!

Oooops! **That's robot-doo,** all right!!

Purple Scout destroys **Yellow Cat!**

Yellow Command returns fire, increasing power by **three Veeblefitzers!**

Our **Officers** certainly remain **calm** while tracking a battle!

That's no battle, Sir! That's our **new Video Game!!**

Boy, a **new record!** We shot down **84 Cyclones!**

That's only **HALF** the record!! We **DID it** with only **SEVEN missiles!**

Athinner, we have **got to return** to the **Galaxica!** We started out with **sixty Anchovies** of **fuel** and I'm down to only **six Pepperonis!!**

On the way back, let's **shut down** our **Pulsar Communication Units!** That will not only **conserve fuel,** it will **also** give the Galaxica its weekly **"WHERE ARE THEY NOW!?!" worry!**

Commander Adammit! We just **lost contact** with the **Colonial Vipers!** Where are they? What shall we **do?!?**

Get **Hoss, Little Joe** and the **rest** of the boys . . . **saddle up the horses** . . . and **let's RIDE!!**

Horses?! Ride?!

Huh! Oh, I'm **sorry! I forget which show** I'm doing sometimes!

Get **Bummer, Jelly,** and the **rest** of the boys . . . saddle up the **space ships** . . . and **let's FLY!!**

No need to **do** that, Sir! We **just discovered their location!**

Using the **new Ten Channel Digital Laser Sequencer?**

No, Sir . . . using **your suggestion!** We **looked out the window!** Here they come . . .!!

CRASH

That wasn't **too bad** a landing . . . **was** it, Starbuff?

No, not **too bad!** But it would've been a **lot better** if you'd let them **open the landing bay doors first!**

Son! Thank God you're **back!**

Yes, Father . . . I **am!** Do you **worry,** Sir, because I'm your **only Son?**

No, I **worry** because we're **running out of Viper Fighters! You** and your **buddies smash one** or **two** of them up every time you go out on a **mission!**

Oh, Ruler of the Vast Void . . . Oh, Prince of the Atomic Particles . . . Oh, King of—

Why I ever installed one of those **copper-topped batteries** in you, I'll **never** know! I **can't wait** for it to **go dead** so you'll **shut up!** What **now?!?**

The Colonial Fighters have **beaten us** again!

Didn't **our** fighters do **ANYTHING?**

We **DID** manage to **assault** the **intelligence** of the **TV audience!**

Well, **that's SOMETHING!**

Anything **else** I can do for you, Baldstar?

Yes, you can **shut off that light** that's **always shining** up into my **face** to make me look **evil! It's driving me nuts!!**

YOU'RE FIRED!

That was **real brave** of you to rescue me, Athinner! I'd like to **thank you properly!** How about dropping by my **sleep bay** and—

Not tonight! I have a **Cranium Megahurt!**

Hmmm! Some things **never** change—even in **SIX millen-iums!**

Commander Adammit, your **Son** is calling on the **Ultra Phone . . .**

Dad, I'm out on **another mission** and you'll **never** in a billion Spumonis **guess what happened!**

You **crash-landed!**

Wow! Not only are you a **great Commander,** but you **also** have **fabulous ESP!**

Anyway . . . I've **never** been on a planet as **scary** as **this!** The **inhabitants** all speak a steady stream of **gobbledegook,** and the **Rulers** of this sphere **cheat** and **steal** and **tell lies** to their subjects, and **plunder its resources!** I've **never** seen anything **like** this in all my **thirty-five Bar Mitzvahs!**

My Son . . . you've **done** it! You've **discovered EARTH!!**

ERA NOW

BAN THE BOMB

BAN THE S.S.T.

HONK HONK

WHAT INSPIRING LESSON DOES PROFESSIONAL SPORTS TEACH OUR CHILDREN?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Hardly anyone today can escape the excitement and impact of the spectacular of professional sports. But our young people are particularly impressed and inspired by the wild goings-on in this great American industry. To find out exactly what the youth of our nation is learning from it, fold in page as shown on right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



OUR MAGNIFICENT SPORTING EVENTS GREATLY IMPRESS AND INSPIRE THE DEVOT YOUNG FANS OF ALL FORMS OF SPORTS

T & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

ED

A▶ ◀B

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: DON EDWING

I'll give it to you **straight**, Superman!
You have a **SUPER HERNIA!**

POLICE

D. MARTIN...